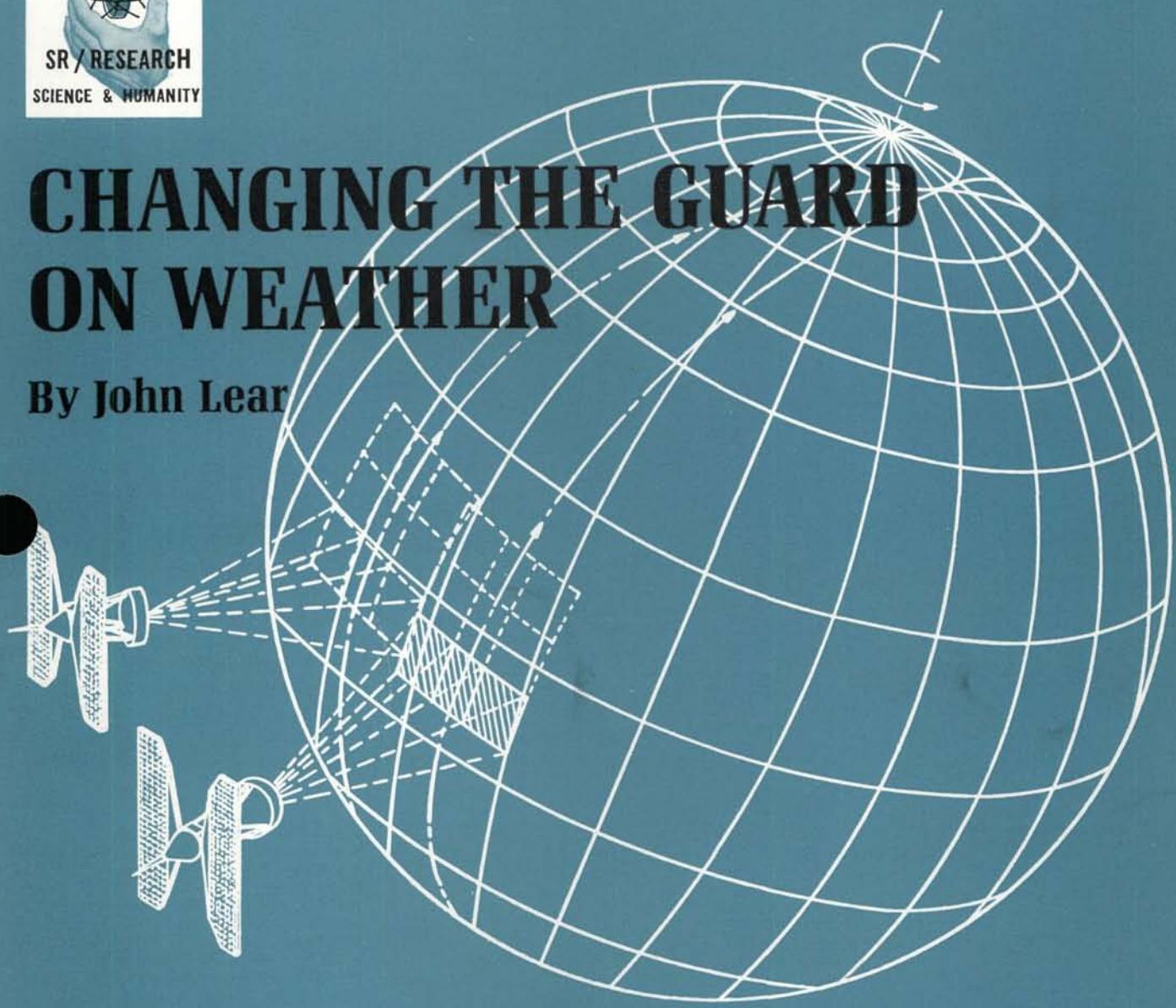
Saturday Review

August 3, 1963 25¢

SR / RESEARCH
SCIENCE & HUMANITY

CHANGING THE GUARD ON WEATHER

By John Lear



HOW THE PRESIDENT MAKES A DECISION

By Theodore C. Sorensen Part II

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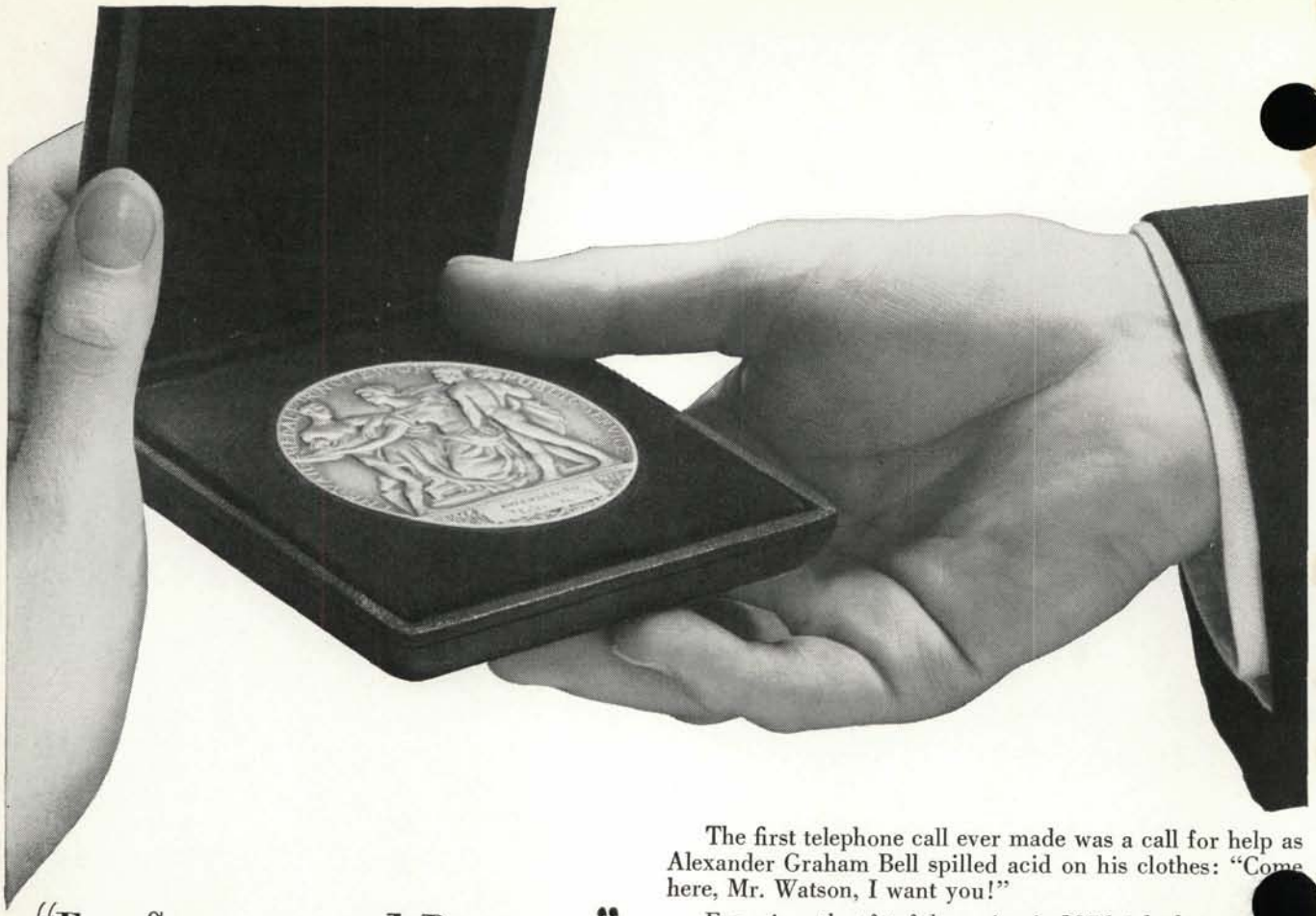

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Charles J. Gilman, Communications Serviceman, Bellwood, Illinois. Driving to an assignment, he saw an overturned car and found a man under it bleeding profusely. Cautioning bystanders not to smoke, he helped remove the victim. The man's arm was almost severed below the shoulder and he seemed in shock. Mr. Gilman applied a tourniquet and kept pressure on it until an ambulance arrived.

Leonard C. Jones, Supplies Serviceman, Morgantown, West Virginia. He noticed a neighboring house on fire. Rushing to it, he helped a father rescue three young children. Then he plunged back into the burning building and, guided only by cries through the choking smoke, found and saved another child who was hiding under a couch in the blazing living room. Minutes after he left, the wooden house collapsed.

Franklin Daniel Gurtner, Station Installer, Auburn, Washington. He heard a request for emergency breathing equipment on his radio monitor and hurried to the address, where a baby was strangling. He found the child's air passage was blocked, cleared it, and successfully administered mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. Then the fire department arrived and applied oxygen to help overcome shock.

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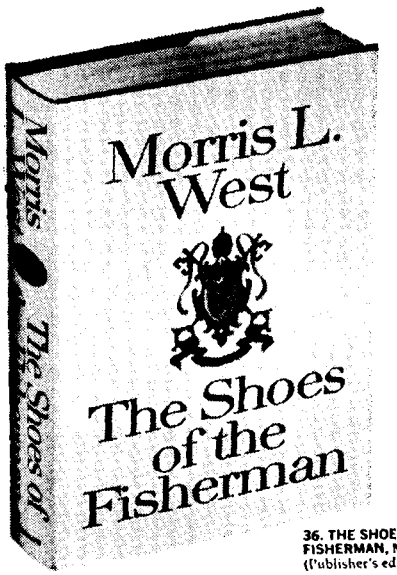

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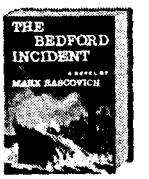

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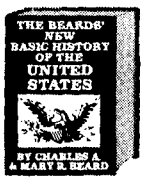

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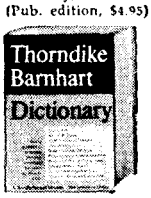

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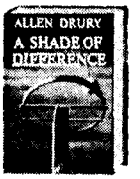

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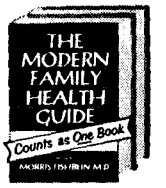

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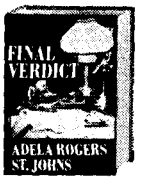

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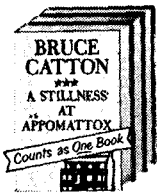

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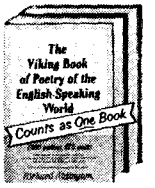

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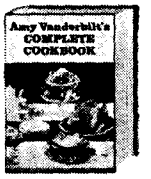

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One of the many pleasures of being an editor, apart from the satisfaction of non-profit activity, is that the work has caused me to lose none of my amateur standing in any field.

Today I have a new reason for preferring the amateur state. It is the arrival of Robert Sommer's book *Expertland*. As the jacket has it, this is an "unrestricted inside view of the world of scientists, professors, consultants, journals, and foundations, with particular attention to the quaint customs, distinctive dilemmas, and perilous prospects."

Chapter by chapter, Sommer pins bright wriggling specimens to the boards of his book. He takes on experts in science, graduate schools, learned societies, in published papers and books. He establishes the university instructor's pecking order for speaking invitations: at the bottom of the ladder are local, no-fee woman's club talks; middle rung, trips within the state paying a meagre fee ("He can still come out ahead if he drives a Volkswagon"); highest, trips abroad, in or out of season.

In discussing the expertise of departmental secretaries, for example, Sommer points out that the wise administrator will encourage casual, drop in visitors to speak to *him*. Her time is too valuable. (Most offices are poorly designed, he says; they put the secretary out where she can be seen and bothered.)

Mr. Sommer will forgive me in welcoming him to the ranks of Parkinson and Whyte if I say that his dissections are expert.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

Expertland ($3.95) by Robert Sommer is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, New York. Copies are available at your local bookseller including any of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 1530 Northern Blvd., Manhasset, New York.

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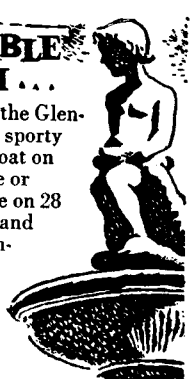

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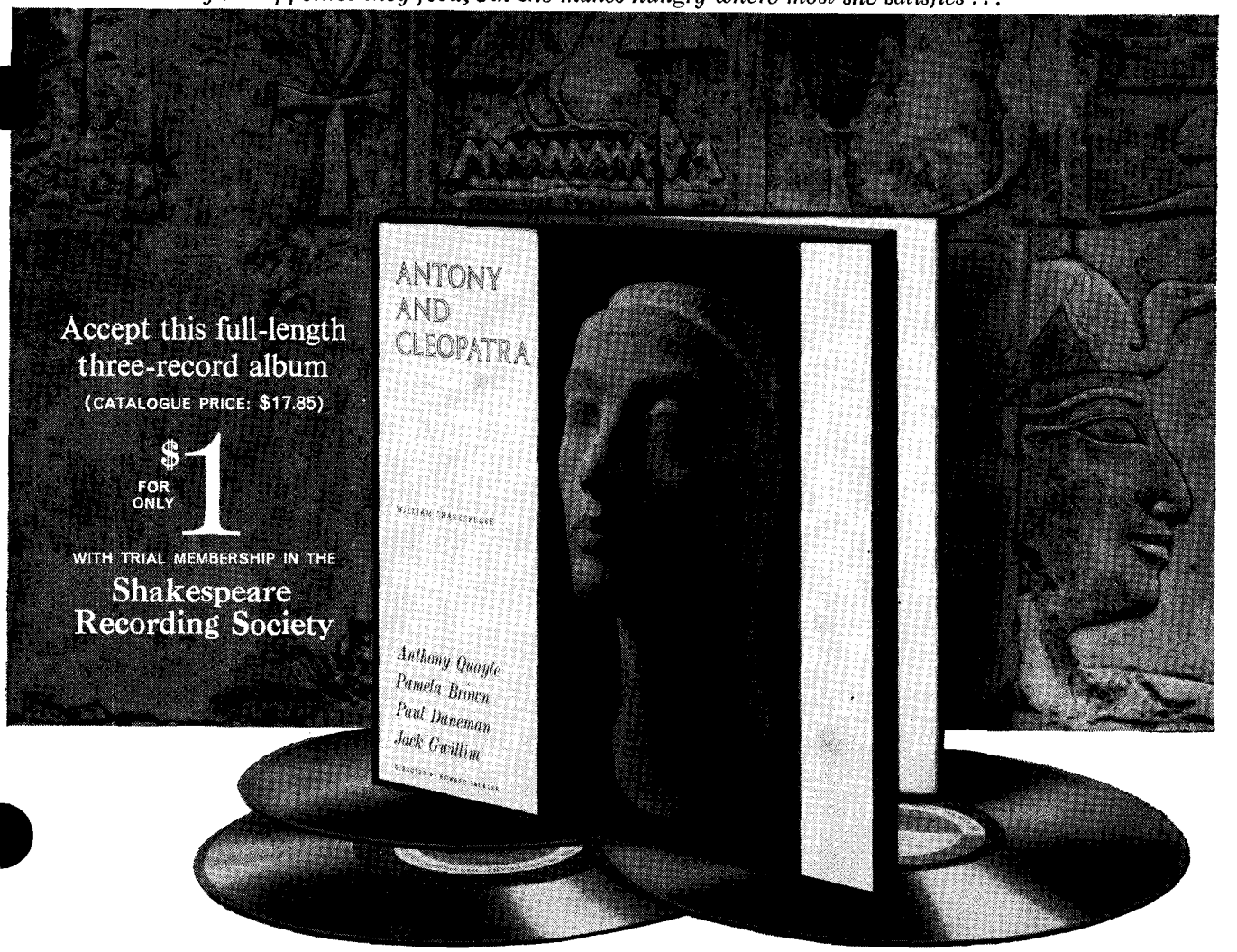
"Other women cloy the appetites they feed, but she makes hungry where most she satisfies . . ."



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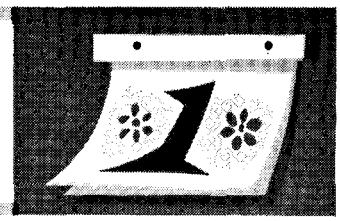

By CLEVELAND AMORY

OUR COLUMN of June 1 broke, we believe, the Olympian record of *SR*'s writer-righters. We received more than 10,000 letters, 9,000 favorable. What surprised us most about the critical portion of the mail was that very few of the letter-writers seemed to understand that we are not opposed to medical experimentation on animals; we *are* opposed to unnecessary cruelty in such experimentation. Quoting nothing but our "doctors mail," however, Dr. Donald Hayes of Wake Forest College, N. C., suggested "that all individuals who are opposed to animal experimentation should sign a pact in which they would agree not to avail themselves of antibiotics, antihistamines and anti-cancer drugs." (The personal approach of these researchers to research would itself make a fascinating article.) Another who signed himself just "Dr." couldn't wait, he said, "until you, Mr. Amory, are being wheeled into an operating room. I wonder then if you would care about the animals." Still another dedicated unsignee wanted to know how much differently we would feel "if your mother had cancer." (As a matter of ironic fact, she has.)

Among those who pulled out all the old anti-anti-vivisectionist arguments was none other than Dr. Morris Fishbein himself who, although happily no longer the mouthpiece of the A.M.A., labelled both us and the bills in Washington "anti-vivisectionist"—despite the fact, as even he knows, (1), of the seven bills being considered, not a single one is an anti-vivisectionist bill, and (2), not a single one of them is being supported by a single anti-vivisectionist organization. (For further discussion on this point, see our article in the current *Saturday Evening Post*.)

We enjoyed, too, our medical student mail. "People like yourself," wrote Joy Schildkraut, of the N.Y.U. Medical School, "not engaged in scientific research, cannot comprehend the purpose of experiments on animals." Joseph Becker, a student at M.I.T., went further. "The very fact that we do kill animals," he wrote, "*proves* that we have the right."

Several doctors, among them Dr. Sheldon Adler of Cambridge and Dr. Richard Nystrom of Delaware, both pointed as evidence of the necessity for unrestricted experimentation to, of all things, the recent thalidomide case – yet hardly were their letters received when Dr. Widukand Lenz, of Hamburg, Germany, who first noted the link between thalidomide and infant deformities, told the International Conference on Congenital Malformation, meeting in New York, that "no method of testing with animals allows us to say with assurance that a drug would be wholely safe in pregnancy." And Dr. Clarke Fraser of McGill went further. "You cannot assume," he said, "that because a drug appears safe in animals that it will be safe in man."

Dr. Thomas Brock of Indiana University told us flatly that "most experimental animals are bred specifically for experimentation" and, "since such animals would never have otherwise existed, it is hard to imagine that their deaths, however induced, should be of any particular importance." Yet in the same mail came a letter from a doctor at M.I.T. who admitted that he was revolted by the fact that the animals are "frequently stolen home pets. They are supplied by dealers dealing directly with the thieves and purchased from them by the research laboratories. No questions are asked and no records kept."

The letters came too from Harvard, Yale and Princeton. From Harvard Dean Berry declared that the proposed legislation would "seriously impede the progress of science" because it was "rarely possible to carry on a significant series of experiments without the ability to modify, change and re-direct the work as it progresses." (Obviously, Dean Berry has not read even one of the bills, because not a single one would rob any scientist of any such power.) Yale's Dr. Kline declared that "virtually every State of the Union already has laws to punish irresponsible cruelty to animals and children." (The fact is – again research would have helped—virtually every State exempts laboratories from anti-cruelty laws. In some States the exemptions are created by the implied meaning of statutes, and by previous judicial rulings. In other States, the exemptions for "scientists" are explicit and absolute. For example, the Wisconsin statute: "As used in this section 'torture' does not include bona fide experiments carried on for scientific research." Princeton's Dr. Harvey Rothberg's research on the subject was equally extraordinary. He wrote to us of the "positive efforts" of the National Society for Medical Research and its so-called "Animal Care Panel." Yet again, even the barest attempt to get his facts would have told him that latter is actually a public rela front in front of another public relations front—the NSMR itself is neither a medical society nor a research society but merely the paid white-washer of the animal-using laboratories.

But the real dilly came from a lady doctor, Dr. June Greenspan of Riverton, N. J., who first declared that we should "offer ourselves as a laboratory experiment," then added:

> I note with interest most of your published replies are from women agreeing with Mr. Amory. But naturalment. Women are fine protecting babies and house pets and some husbands. This is their job. It is to be expected that they would be the first (obviously along with some so-called intellectuals) to raise a cry against such goings-on with poor little pussy cats and doggies and those cute little ole' white mice. Let's keep these women out of the labs and let the scientists work. Ask some women scientists for their opinion.

As a matter of fact we will—we can hardly wait to get *any* other opinion than that one. In conclusion, however, we should like to quote from a do who asked that his name be with but declared: "I hold a Ph.D. deg and I am working at one of the most highly regarded academic institutions of the U.S. . . . The facts are not consistent with the oft-repeated claim that all is well in biological research . . . I have indeed witnessed cases of callous indifference, as well as unnecessarily cruel experiments, on numerous occasions. I wish to mention only examples which I myself have encountered repeatedly:"

> (1) Operations on unanesthetized animals because anesthesia was inconvenient to the investigator.
>
> (2) Undergraduate students dissecting unanesthetized but drug-immobilized animals for "practice" in their spare time.
>
> (3) Animals in cages to small to turn around in (some of these animals were pregnant).
>
> (4) Animals dead from thirst and starvation when their care over the weekend had not come to work and had not notified a substitute.
>
> (5) Graduate students who professed their pleasure in performing painful experiments. There is no reason to assume that these students, after receiving their doctorates, will not s up research programs of their ow

The doctor also pointed out that all this commotion is to get the same kind of bill that a country named Great Britain passed in 1876!

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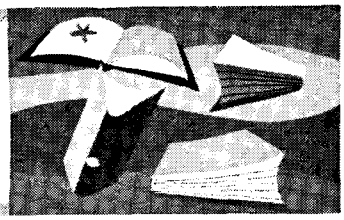
Trade Winds



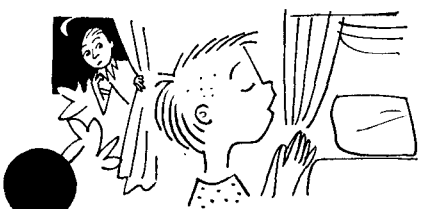
NOTES OF international significance:

1. Publisher Bill Scott rented a villa near Florence from a well-to-do Italian, who in turn was to spend the summer in the United States. The latter gentleman arrived first and the two met in a New York restaurant to talk things over. As they sat down together they bumped shoulders.

"Ouch!" cried Bill. "That's my latest typhoid shot."

"Ah, yes," winced the Italian, gently touching his own upper arm. "I had it, too. My doctor at home advised me to get every possible inoculation and vaccination for my family, to protect them while in this foreign country."

2. A young American missionary was recently recalled from Africa to



the southern United States to aid and advise on the home church's integration program. He told Jeannette Thompson (who told me) that on the eve of his departure from the Dark Continent he overheard his youngest son's bedtime prayer: "Goodbye, God. Tomorrow we are going to America."

3. Mac E. Barrick of Lycoming College informs me that Garrett Mattingly's *The Armada,* published in London as *The Defeat of the Armada,* has now appeared in a translation in Barcelona, where it has been given the title: *La Armada Invencible.*

MAYBE ONE OF the reasons I put my family and belongings in our car and left home in June was to get away from what I thought was merely a local Eastern phenomenon: elephant jokes. It did no good. I heard one in San Antonio and when I passed Midway, Kentucky, on the way home, young Tom Roach supplied more.

I don't claim anything for elephant jokes beyond the sure knowledge that they are sweeping the country. If there is a unique quality, it is that sometimes you have to tell two elephant jokes in a row to get the point. For example:

Q. Why do trees have leaves? A. To hide elephants.

Q. Why do elephants have flat feet? A. From jumping out of trees.

Then there is the Tarzan series. Q. What did Tarzan say when he saw the elephant coming? A. "Here comes the elephant!"

Q. What did T. say when he saw the elephant coming wearing dark glasses? A. Nothing; he didn't recognize him.

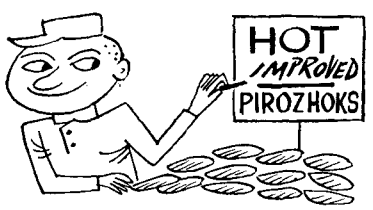
Q. How do you tell when there is an elephant in the refrigerator? A. The door won't close.*

It's ridiculous, but it does keep one from thinking about the heat. Incidentally, do you know what Tarzan's last words were?

"Who greased the vine?"

TOPSY-TURVY WORLD DEPARTMENT: There had been complaints about noise in the University of North Carolina Library, especially around the area of the third-floor stacks. Officials investigated and found the culprits: staff members coming and going from coffee breaks. An admonition was printed in the June issue of *Notes,* requesting librarians to be quiet.

READING A TRANSLATION by *Atlas* magazine of a story in *Pravda,* I learned of a crime in Sverdlovsk. It concerns the favorite Russian snack,



the pirozhok, a small turnover stuffed with meat, cabbage, rice, or mushrooms. At the Sverdlovsk railroad station, where hundreds of passengers disembark daily, they are besieged by women with baskets of hot pirozhoks; 30,000 are baked each day.

V. Akatiev, manager of the Railroad Restaurant and Buffet Trust, dreamed up a nifty scheme. His "improved" baking process used only four grams of fat per pirozhok instead of the prescribed six, the price remaining the same. In four years he and his crooked cohorts made off thus with $125,000 worth of food supplies.

They were caught, of course. Tampering with the pirozhok is no light matter. V. Akatiev faced the firing squad; his accomplices received as much as fifteen years in prison. You once more get six grams of fat in Sverdlovsk pirozhoks.

*The editor of *Saturday Review* apologizes to the readers for these atrocious stories.

AFTER I HAD WRITTEN about the discovery of Allen Ginsberg by *Esquire* in India, I heard from his father, Louis, who resides in Paterson, New Jersey. He said:

"Allen wrote me that he picked up a few youngsters, encrusted with slime, from the gutters and, after cleaning them in the Ganges, sent them to a hospital where they are recovering from starvation. Allen would do more, but his Muse calls him for more travel. So, you see, beatniks are not entirely 'disaffiliated' from the world. Another son, Eugene Brooks, is a lawyer in New York and also writes poetry. He has been in *The New York Times* and will be in the University of Kansas City *Review* with a poem about his brother. I myself have been around for some time, baiting the Muse. If we keep up our bent, we'll be broke."

THERE IS SOMETHING grand about simple prose. Young Kristin Hennefrund chose Edgar Allan Poe for her theme. Her teacher, Harriet Prophet, gave me permission to reprint it:

"Edgar Allan Poe's poems are very sad. He also wrote short stories, too. His parents died when he was very young. He was adopted by a Scotsman. Poe was sent to a university at a young age. When his stepfather died he left him nothing. Poe had to earn his living with a pen to get food. He took to drinking drugs but was not a nokottic. One time in a voting booth Poe fell ill and was taken to a hospital. There after three days Edgar Allan Poe died."

WHAT A DIFFERENCE! I have a clipping concerning suburban newspaper editor Richard Byrd of Baltimore. Tipped off by phone that a runaway unoccupied truck was rolling downhill and about to smash into a house, he scornfully answered, "It happens all the time."

Then he was told that it was his own house. —Jerome Beatty, Jr.

Solution to Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1529)

Blanche (K.) Freeman:
BID ME GODSPEED
(Suggested by Fannie H. Glidden)

Bid me Godspeed, as through the fog I rise
To purer air, and sun.
My castoff chrysalis behind me lies;
Give it no tears, dear one.

Now I am free to share each pure delight
That once we held so dear.
Roses will be more fragrant, stars more bright,
The evensong more clear.

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How the President Makes a Decision–Part II

The Olive Branch or the Arrows

By Theodore C. Sorensen

How does a President make up his mind? How does a President choose, in a moment of crisis, between the olive branch of peace and the arrows of war? In the following article, the second in a two-part series, President Kennedy's Special Counsel examines three major factors in this decision-making process. The two articles are previews of Mr. Sorensen's forthcoming book, Decision-Making in the White House: The Olive Branch or the Arrows *(Copyright © 1963 Columbia University Press). In last week's article Mr. Sorensen described, among other factors, the limitations affecting Presidential decisions and explained why, in his view, "what is desirable is always limited by the possible or permissible."*

THREE fundamental forces influence most White House decisions: Presidential politics, Presidential advisers, and the Presidential perspective. Some purists—if not realists—may blush at the fact that politics heads the list. But we are discussing our prime political office and the nation's prime politician, a man who has been chosen by his party as well as the people. Some Presidents may assert that they are "above politics," yet politics, in its truest and broadest sense, still colors their every decision (including the decision to appear nonpolitical). Some issues have been traditionally deemed to be outside of politics, but considerations of public and Congressional support still affect their disposition.

There is nothing dishonorable about the influence of politics on White House decisions. In a nation governed by the consent of the governed, it is both honorable and indispensable. While limitations of responsibility and accuracy should always be present, to say that we should remove such issues as Berlin or Red China from politics is to say they should be removed from accountability and scrutiny.

Politics pervades the White House without seeming to prevail. It is not a role for which the President sets apart certain hours. It is rarely the sole subject of a formal Presidential meeting. It is instead an ever-present influence—counterbalancing the unrealistic, checking the unreasonable, sometimes preventing the desirable, but always testing what is acceptable.

But democratic government is not a popularity contest, and no President is obliged to abide by the dictates of public opinion. Our political idealism may be filled with assumptions of human virtue and wisdom, but our political history is filled with examples of human weakness and error.

Public opinion is often erratic, inconsistent, arbitrary, and unreasonable —with a "compulsion to make mistakes," as Walter Lippmann has put it. It rarely considers the needs of the next generation or the history of the last. It is frequently hampered by myths and misinformation, by stereotypes and shibboleths, and by an innate resistance to innovation. It is usually slow to form, promiscuous and pervidious in its affection, and always difficult to distinguish. For it rarely speaks in one loud, clear, united voice.

A President, therefore, must remember that public opinion and the public interest do not always agree. The value to this nation of a foreign aid program, for example, is not determined by its popularity. Voter enthusiasm for our space effort is high after each flight of a Soviet or American astronaut, but in between flights new doubts and complaints will emerge. And almost any pollster in any state will find that most voters want higher federal expenditures in their areas of interest, lower expenditures elsewhere, and a balanced bu always.

No President could simply accede to these pressures. He has a responsibility to lead public opinion as well as respect it—to shape it, inform it, woo it, and win it. It can be his sword as well as his compass. But arousing public opinion is a delicate task. President Kennedy's plea for fallout shelters in his 1961 discussion of Berlin ended the prevailing national apathy on civil defense, but it also unleashed an emotional response which grew to near-hysterical proportion before it receded once again to near-apathy. His warnings on the presence of Soviet missiles in Cuba had to be sufficiently somber to enlist support around the world without creating panic here at home.

IN short, Presidential appeals for public support must be timed correctly and with the right frequency, if they are to be effective. On other occasions he may need to alienate a portion of his public support, for serving as President of all the people does not mean offending none of them. But this also cannot be done too often if he is to maintain his position, and it should be done for meaningless or hop causes.

One important distinction should be kept in mind. In domestic affairs, a Presidential decision is usually the beginning of public debate. In foreign

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affairs, the issues are frequently so complex, the facts so obscure, and the period for decision so short, that the American people have from the beginning—and even more so in this century—delegated to the President more discretion in this vital area; and they are usually willing to support any reasonable decision he makes.

But public opinion cannot be taken for granted. Some Presidents have tried to change it, others have rushed to catch up with it, but none has repeatedly defied it. Jefferson warned: "Great innovations should not be forced on slender majorities." "With public sentiment on its side," Lincoln said with some exaggeration, "everything succeeds; with public sentiment against it, nothing succeeds." Franklin D. Roosevelt wrote: "I cannot go any faster than the people will let me."

No President respects public opinion simply out of fear of impeachment or even solely out of a desire for re-election—for the same principle is followed in both his terms. Instead, both his conscience and his common sense, both his principles and his political judgment compel him to seek, to the extent possible, the approval of the voters who elected him and who can defeat his party, the consent of the governed who are affected by his decision and on whose consent its success may depend.

Every President must, therefore, be a keen judge of public opinion, must be able to distinguish its petty whims, to estimate its endurance, to respond to its impatience, and to respect its potential power. He must know how best and how often he can appeal to the public—and when it is better left undisturbed.

No President reaches that summit of public favor without believing he possesses (and he usually does) an extraordinary instinct for public opinion. He does not rely on the views expressed in his mail, or in public petitions, or by pickets in front of the White House, for they all too often reflect only a tiny organized group. He does not rely on opinion polls, which, outside of testing comparative candidate strengths, are still an inexact measure of the voters' views. He does not rely on the crowds that greet him on his travels, knowing they are usually a disproportionately partisan sample. Nor does he generalize from conversations with visitors, reports from his advisers, or his reading and viewing of mass media. His political intuition is in part an amalgamation of all of these—but he is likely to regard his own invisible antennae as somehow more sensitive than any. President McKinley, according to Speaker Cannon, retained his popularity by "keeping his ear so close to the ground he got it full of grasshoppers."

I no longer believe those who say that a poor politician could be a good President, "if he could only be appointed to the job." Without the qualities required of a successful candidate—without the ability to rally support, to understand the public, to express its aspirations—without the organizational talent, the personal charm, and the physical stamina required to survive the primaries, the convention, and the election—no man would make a great President, however wise in other ways he might be.

EACH President must also judge when to oppose or accommodate a single segment of public opinion—a region or state, an occupation or age group, an industry or profession, a pressure group or lobby. Some will have views the President respects, such as nuclear scientists on nuclear tests. Some will have influence he seeks to enlist, such as the organization of older citizens on behalf of his health bill.

Theodore C. Sorensen

—Wide World.

Special Counsel to President John F. Kennedy, and a member of Mr. Kennedy's staff since 1953.

The least respected and least effective lobbies in Washington, I might add, are those that rush forward to testify on every measure of every kind, whether directly related or not to the interests of their members.

There will always be a small but noisy group of critics intolerant of the gap between hope and possibility, complaining of a lack of leadership when long-awaited measures are not immediately enacted, while an equally small and vocal group will wail that each step forward the President takes is a gross usurpation of power.

The task is not always one of choosing between two interests. No President, even if he so wished, could suspend the laws in response to complaints. But he may find it desirable to accept amendments to a measure, or to reach informal understandings on concessions regarding a bill, in order to secure the passage of those bills with the support of a diverse coalition. A President's own ties with some economic or other interest group may give him additional bargaining power with that group or reduced influence with another. A President with close ties to business, for example, will meet

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less resistance to his anti-inflation or antitrust efforts.

As is true of public opinion, the views of one or more members of Congress must sometimes be resisted, sometimes reshaped, sometimes ignored, and sometimes accepted, depending not only on the validity of those views but on the power of those who express them and on the extent to which they are shared throughout the Congress. Presidents have differed in the degree of their deference to (or domination of) Congressional opinion, according to their own legislative experience, their control of their party, and their party's control of the Congress, but all Presidents since Washington have noted the change in climate that occurs when Congress adjourns.

Finally, Presidential politics includes attention to the American press and other media. Their selection and description of particular events—far more than their editorials—help to create or promote national issues, to shape the minds of the Congress and public, and to influence the President's agenda and timing. Ever since George Washington expressed the wish in 1777 "that our Printers were more discreet in many of their publications," our Presidents and the press have engaged in what the jargon of the Cold War would call a "contest for men's minds."

The winning side in this contest is debatable. The advent of television has given the President great resources for directly reaching the public, but even Presidential corrections rarely catch up with those misstatements that now and then appear in the press. For example, the great newspaper chain which headlined a totally false scare story about Soviet planes overflying the southeastern United States has never acknowledged its error.

I have often been asked why President Kennedy, unlike his predecessor, should bother to read so many newspapers when so much of their important information and arguments—excluding overseas statements and events that occurred during the night—is at least twenty-four hours old to him. Obviously this would be even more true of weekly and monthly magazines. He reads them, I believe, partly to gain new insights for himself but primarily to know what the public and the Congress are reading, to see how his actions or choices appear to others without his access to the facts. For any President, any politician dependent on public opinion, is concerned with how that opinion is shaped, with how, to use a current phrase, the news is being "managed" in the only place it can be managed, the media editorial offices.

The second major force influencing White House decisions—the President's advisers—has its basis in the Constitution, which provides that the President "may require the Opinion in writing of the principal Officer in each of the Executive Departments upon any subject relating to the Duties of their respective offices." But it does not prevent him from requiring their opinion *orally*. It does not prevent him from obtaining a Cabinet member's opinion on subjects *not* relating to his respective office. If a Secretary of Defense has a business background, for example, that would be helpful in a dispute with the steel industry. Nor is the President prevented from seeking the opinions of those who are *not* principal officers of the Executive departments.

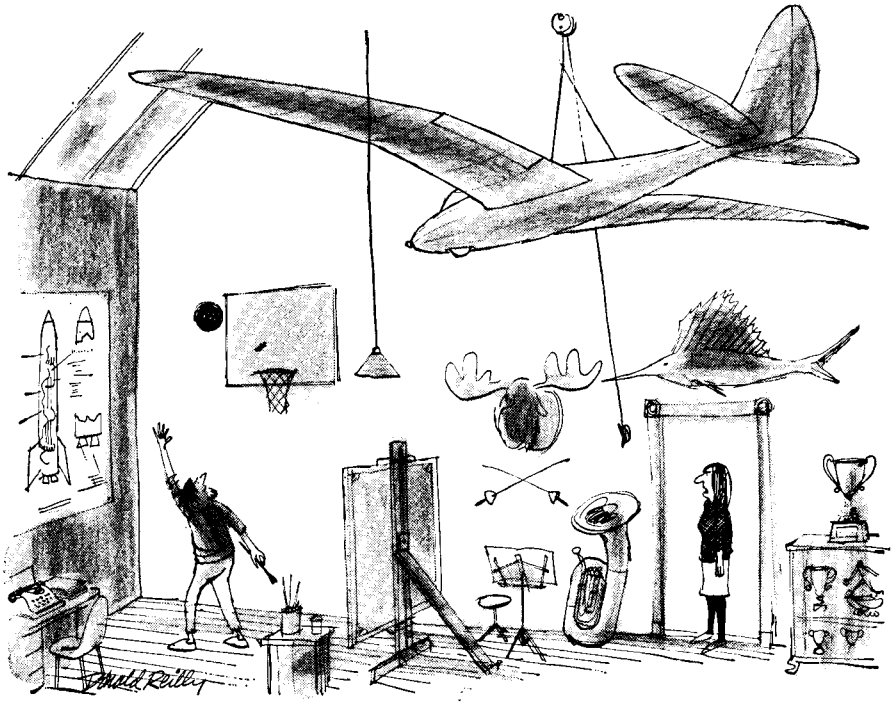
IN short, each President must determine for himself how best to elicit and assess the advice of his advisers. Organized meetings of the Cabinet and National Security Council, for example, have certain indispensable advantages, not the least of which are the increased public confidence inspired by order and regularity and the increased *esprit de corps* of the participants. Regularly scheduled meetings can also serve to keep open the channels of communication. This is the primary purpose, for example, of the President's weekly breakfast with his party's legislative leaders.

But there are other important advantages to meetings. The interaction of many minds is usually more illuminating than the intuition of one. In a meeting representing different departments and diverse points of view, there is a greater likelihood of hearing alternatives, of exposing errors, and of challenging assumptions. It is true in the White House, as in the Congress, that fewer votes are changed by open debate than by quiet negotiation among the debaters. But in the White House, unlike the Congress, only one man's vote is decisive, and thorough and thoughtful debate *before* he has made up his mind can assist him in that task.

That meetings can sometimes be useful was proven by the deliberations of the NSC executive committee after the discovery of offensive weapons in Cuba. The unprecedented nature of the Soviet move, the manner in which it cut across so many departmental jurisdictions, the limited amount of information available, and the security restrictions that inhibited staff work, all tended to have a leveling effect on the principals taking part in these discussions, so that each felt free to challenge the assumptions and assertions of all others.

Everyone in that group altered his views as the give-and-take talk continued. Every solution or combination of solutions was coldly examined, and its disadvantages weighed. The fact that we started out with a sharp divergence of views, the President has said, was "very valuable" in hammering out a policy.

In such meetings, a President must carefully weigh his own words. Should he hint too early in the proceedings at the direction of his own thought, the weight of his authority, the loyalty of his advisers, and their desire to be



"All right, all right, so you're a Renaissance man—now how about getting a job?"

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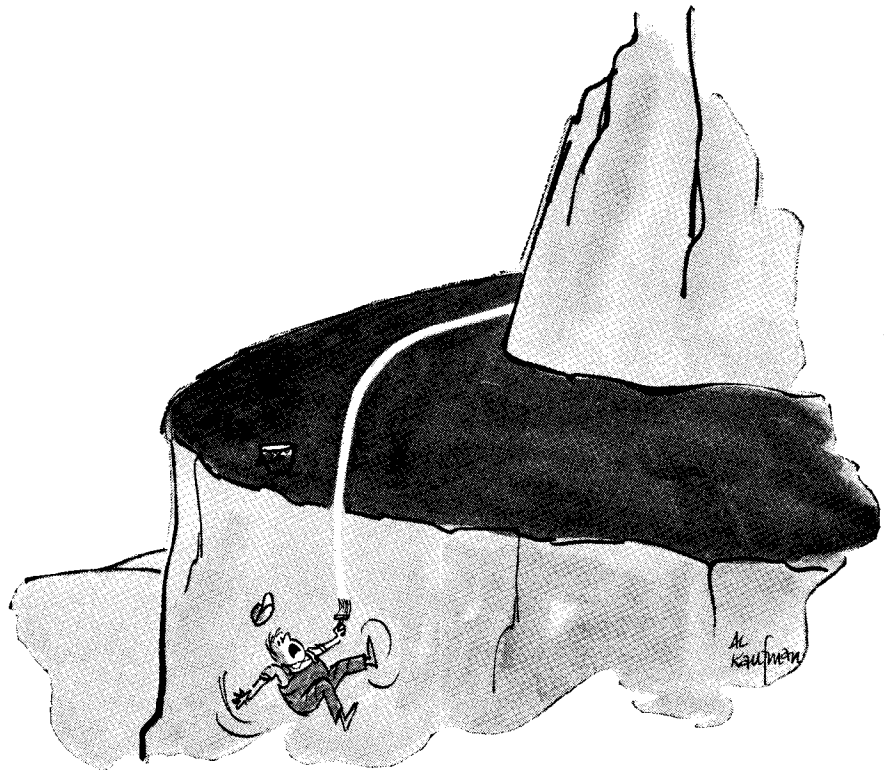
on the "winning side" may shut off productive debate, indeed, his very presence may inhibit candid discussion. But no President—at least none with a firm cast of mind and concept of office—could stay out of the fray completely until all conflicts were resolved and a collective decision reached. For group recommendations too often put a premium on consensus in place of content, on unanimity in place of precision, on compromise in place of creativity. Had the Gettysburg address been written by a committee, its ten sentences would surely have grown to a hundred, its simple pledges would surely have been hedged, and the world would indeed have little noted or long remembered what was said there.

Even the most distinguished and forthright adviser is usually reluctant to stand alone. If he fears his persistence in a meeting will earn him the disapprobation of his colleagues, a rebuff by the President, or (in case of a "leak") the outrage of the Congress, press, or public, he may quickly seek the safety of greater numbers. At the other extreme are those who seek refuge in the role of chronic dissenter, confining their analytical power to a restatement of dangers and objections.



THE quality of White House meetings also varies with the number and identity of those attending. Large meetings are less likely to keep secrets—too many Washington officials enjoy talking knowingly at social events or to the press or to their friends. Large meetings are also less flexible instruments for action, less likely to produce a meaningful consensus or a frank, hard-hitting debate. President Kennedy prefers to invite only those whose official views he requires or whose unofficial judgment he values, and to reserve crucial decisions for a still smaller session or for solitary contemplation in his own office.

The difficulty with small meetings, however, is that, in Washington, nearly everyone likes to feel that he, too, conferred and concurred. For years agencies and individuals all over town have felt affronted if not invited to a National Security Council session. The press leaps to conclusions as to who is in favor and who is not by scanning the attendance lists of meetings, speculating in much the same fashion (and with even less success) as the Kremlinologists who study the reviewing stand at the Russian May Day Parade or analyze which Soviet officials sat where at the opening of the Moscow ballet.

Yet in truth attendance at a White House meeting is not necessarily a matter of logic. Protocol, personal relations, and the nature of the forum may all affect the list. Some basic foreign policy issue, for example, may be largely decided before it comes to the National Security Council—by the appointment of a key official, or by the President's response at a press conference, or by the funds allocated in the budget. Yet personnel, press conference, and budget advice is generally given in meetings outside the National Security Council.

Many different types of advisers, with differing roles and contributions, attend these meetings. President Kennedy met on his tax policy in the summer of 1962, for example, with professional economists from both inside and outside the government, as well as with department heads and White House aides. To the key meetings on Cuba were invited highly respected Foreign Service officers as well as policy appointees, retired statesmen as well as personal Presidential assistants.

There is no predictable weight that a President can give to the conclusions of each type. The technical expert or career specialist, to begin with, operating below the policy-making level, may have concentrated knowledge on the issue under study that no other adviser can match. Yet Presidents are frequently criticized for ignoring the advice of their own experts.

The reason is that the very intensity of that expert's study may prevent him from seeing the broader, more practical perspective that must govern public policy. As Laski's notable essay pointed out, too many experts lack a sense of proportion, an ability to adapt, and a willingness to accept evidence inconsistent with their own. The specialist, Laski wrote, too often lacks "insight into the movement and temper of the public mind. . . . He is an invaluable servant and an impossible master."

Thus the atomic scientist, discussing new tests, may think largely in terms of his own laboratory. The career diplomat, discussing an Asian revolt, may think largely in terms of his own post. The professional economist, in urging lower farm price supports, may think more in terms of his academic colleagues than of the next Presidential election.

But not all experts recognize the limits of their political sagacity, and they do not hesitate to pronounce with a great air of authority broad policy recommendations in their own field (and sometimes all fields). Any President would be properly impressed by their seeming command of the complex; but the President's own common sense, his own understanding of the Congress and the country, his own balancing of priorities, his own ability to analyze and generalize and simplify, are more essential in reaching the right decision than all the specialized jargon and institutionalized traditions of the professional elite.

The trained navigator, it has been rightly said, is essential to the conduct of a voyage, but his judgment is not superior on such matters as where

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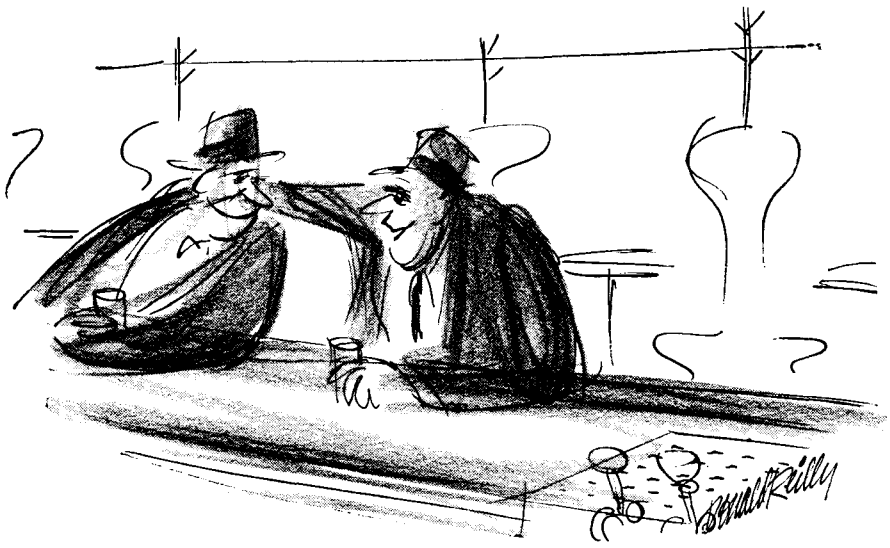

"What this world needs is a summit meeting where the statesmen could sit down and get loaded together."

it should go or whether it should be taken at all. Essential to the relationship between expert and politician, therefore, is the recognition by each of the other's role, and the refusal of each to assume the other's role. The expert should neither substitute his political judgment for the policy-maker's nor resent the latter's exercising of his own; and the policy-maker should not forget which one is the expert.

EXPERT predictions are likely to be even more tenuous than expert policy judgments, particularly in an age when only the unpredictable seems to happen. In the summer of 1962, most of the top economists in government, business, and academic life thought it likely that a recession would follow the stock-market slide—at least "before the snows melted" was the cautious forecast by one economist from a cold Northern state. But, instead, this year's thaw brought with it new levels of production—and, naturally, a new set of predictions.

In short, a Cabinet of politicians and policy-makers is better than a Cabinet of experts. But a President will also weigh with care the advice of each Cabinet official. For the latter is also bound by inherent limitations. He was not necessarily selected for the President's confidence in his judgment alone—considerations of politics, geography, public esteem, and interest-group pressures may also have played a part, as well as his skill in administration.

Moreover, each department has its own clientele and point of view, its own experts and bureaucratic interests, its own relations with the Congress and certain subcommittees, its own statutory authority, objectives, and standards of success. No Cabinet member is free to ignore all this without impairing the morale and efficiency of his department, his standing therein, and his relations with the powerful interest groups and Congressmen who consider it partly their own.

The President may ask for a Secretary's best judgment apart from the department's views, but in the mind of the average Secretary (and there have been many notable exceptions) the two may be hardly distinguishable. Whether he is the captive or the champion of those interests makes no practical difference. By reflecting in his advice to the President his agency's component bureaus, some of which he may not even control, he increases both his prestige within the department and his parochialism without.

Bureaucratic parochialism and rivalry are usually associated in Washington with the armed services, but they in fact affect the outlook of nearly every agency. They can be observed, to cite only a few examples, in the jurisdictional maneuvering between the Park Service and the Forest Service, between the Bureau of Reclamation and the Army Engineers, between State and Treasury on world finance, or State and Commerce on world trade, or State and Defense on world disarmament.

They can also be observed in Cabinet autobiographies complaining that the President—any President—rarely saw things their way. And they can be observed, finally, in case studies of an agency head paying more heed to the Congress than to the President who named him. But it is the Congress, after all, that must pass on his requests for money, men, and authority. It is the Congress with which much of his time will be spent, which has the power to investigate his acts or alter his duties. And it is the Congress which vested many of his responsibilities directly in him, not in the President or the Executive branch.

The parochialism of experts and department heads is offset in part by the President's White House and executive staff. These few assistants are the only other men in Washington whose responsibilities both enable and require them to look, as he does, at the government as a whole. Even the White House specialists—the President's economic advisers or science advisers, for example—are likely to see problems in a broader perspective, within the framework of the President's objectives and without the constraints of bureaucratic tradition.

White House staff members are chosen, not according to any geographical, political, or other pattern, but for their ability to serve the President's needs and to talk the President's language. They must not—and do not, in this Administration—replace the role of a Cabinet official or block his access to the President. Instead, by working closely with departmental personnel, by spotting, refining, and defining issues for the President, they can increase governmental unity rather than splinter responsibility. A good White House staff can give a President that crucial margin of time, analysis, and judgment that makes an unmanageable problem more manageable.

But there are limiting factors as well. A White House adviser may see a departmental problem in a wider context than the Secretary, but he also has less contact with actual operations and pressures, with the Congress and interested groups. If his own staff grows too large, his office may become only another department, another level of clearances and concurrences instead of a personal instrument of the President. If his confidential relationship with the President causes either one to be too uncritical of the other's judgment, errors may go uncorrected. If he develops (as Mr. Acheson has suggested so many do) a confidence in his own competence which outruns the fact, his contribution may be more mischievous than useful. If, on the other hand, he defers too readily to the authority of renowned experts and Cabinet powers, then the President is denied the skeptical, critical service his staff should be providing.

There is no sure test of a good adviser. The most rational, pragmatic-appearing man may turn out to be the slave of his own private myths, habits and emotional beliefs. The hardest working man may be too busy and out-of-touch with the issue at hand, or too weary to focus firmly on it.

The most experienced man may be

(*Continued on page* 46)

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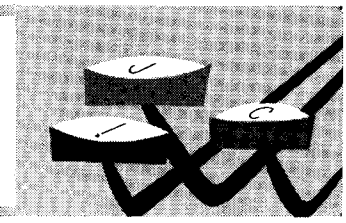
Manner of Speaking



TRANSLATING HAMLET: Marvelous are the ways of modern man and among them none more marvelous than the compulsion upon him to "clarify" art—and even to clarify it out of existence. Few men have worked as hard for clarity as has Mr. Irving Fiske, who has put together a yet unpublished *Hamlet* in modern English. In the course of his work, moreover, he has compiled some impressive praises. Of Fiske's *Hamlet* G. B. Shaw wrote, "Your work needs no justification," and while the comment might be read as an example of evasive ambiguity, several other high praises that Shaw has heaped upon Fiske would indicate that he meant no sly second thoughts here.

Certainly there is no possible ambivalance in William Saroyan's blurb. "Terrific," he writes, "the people's *Hamlet*!" Van Wyck Brooks is equally specific: "You have wonderfully cleared *Hamlet* for me. I never realized before how obscure so much of Shakespeare is. The theatregoer will gain immeasurably by seeing your *Hamlet*. It is done with great skill—I am all with you." And with the instinct of the true artist, Orson Welles goes even more directly to the point. "It will," he writes, "make a million dollars." (TV producers, please note.)

Mr. Fiske has sent me a sampling of his text with a request for my opinion, and while I cannot share the enthusiasm of Shaw, Saroyan, Brooks, and Welles, I am sure many *SR* readers will want a look at how it goes, as I am sure they will be able to reach their own opinion of it.

If, therefore, the class will take out its own copies of *Hamlet* to follow the text more or less as the editors think Shakespeare wrote it, let us begin with Scene 2 of Act III, the speech to the players that begins in the original with "Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue." Mr. Fiske's version follows:

HAMLET (to the actors): Speak clearly and distinctly, so that everyone can hear you—but on the other hand, if you merely shout, the way some actors do, I'd as soon have a street-peddler speak my lines. And don't go flinging your arms in the air; but even when you're portraying the most violent and passionate tempest of emotion, use restraint and discipline. Ah, it makes my skin creep to see some fool actor on the stage howling like a steam-whistle, in order to impress the kind of people who are taken in by cheap substitutes for genuine emotion—let's have none of that, please.

FIRST ACTOR: We can promise you that, your highness.

HAMLET: Don't be too reserved, either; but let your own good taste be your guide: harmonize your movements with the words, and the words with the movements—above all, always keep in mind that the real purpose of drama, now and forever, always has been and always will be, to show life, not as it appears on the surface, but as it really is underneath, at bottom—to extract the true inner essence of every human question and problem, and to hold it up fearlessly for the whole world to see. Now, when the actor violates this purpose, merely to display his personality, he may impress a whole houseful of thoughtless onlookers, but to any discriminating theatregoer, the spectacle is painful beyond words. Ah, I've seen plenty of so-called actors and actresses—praised to the skies by the critics, too—who strutted and flounced about, showing off and smirking and goggling at the audience, until you'd have thought they were some pretty badly made mechanical dolls, instead of human beings, they did such a rotten job of it.

FIRST ACTOR: I think we've gotten rid of that sort of thing pretty much, your highness.

HAMLET (with a friendly smile): Get rid of it altogether.

(to the other actors)

And let's have none of this business of trying to steal the show. There are some actors who'll do anything to get a laugh out of a few fools in the audience, even though some essential point of the play has to be sacrificed—that's horrible; it reveals a pitiful stupidity.

(pausing)

Well, better go now, and get ready.

That much, of course, is from prose to prose. If the class will now skip a few lines to Hamlet's speech to Horatio, in which the blank verse begins with, "Nay, do not think I flatter," we may now compare that with Mr. Fiske's modern version, in which, among other things, "Horatio" is modernized to "Horace":

HAMLET: No, don't think I'm being flattering. What have I to gain by flattering you, who have nothing to your name but your courage and your cheerfulness? Why flatter a poor man? No, we'll leave the sugar-coated phrases to those lofty circles of society where fawning and cringing are expected and well rewarded. Do you hear?—ever since I was old enough to know the real difference between men, you're the one I've always felt closest to me; because you're the kind of man who stands like a rock through good luck and bad, who can take either life's victories or defeats with equal grace—and fortunate is he whose judgment and whose appetites are so well mingled that he's not a straw to be blown about by every wind of circumstance. Give me the man who is not the slave of his desires, and I will take him to my heart, yes, to its very core, as I do you.

(with a quick, embarrassed laugh)

That's enough of that.

(drawing HORACE closer)

Now, there's a play being put on before the king tonight; and there's one scene in it that duplicates almost exactly the circumstances of my father's death, as I related them to you. When that scene is being played, I implore you, keep watching my uncle. If his guilt doesn't show itself during a certain speech, then that ghost we saw was a fantasy, and my suspicions are as false as hell itself. Watch the king closely, and I —I'll keep my own eyes glued to his face; and after the play's over, we'll both meet again, to compare notes.

HORACE: Right, your highness. If there's any twist of expression on his face that I miss, I'll gladly pay any penalty.

HAMLET (looking up; excitedly): They're coming now. I must fool around a bit. Go find yourself a seat.

Well, class, I know what I think. But I promised Mr. Fiske a dispassionate (well, a reasonably dispassionate) hearing. And there it is—the people's *Hamlet* for a million dollars, needing no justification, and an immeasurable gain to the theatregoer.

—JOHN CIARDI.

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The New Parties

OF THE classifications of humankind, there is no end. Man is divided and subdivided, grouped and regrouped, crossed and crisscrossed. His categories are racial, hemispheric, continental, national, regional, spiritual, vocational, political, psychological, social, economic, cultural. Each category has its own wide spectrum. Stick a pin on a map. It is not just a place; it is a stage for an infinite variety of humans. Touch an individual. He is not just a person; he is a flock of identifications and allegiances. If he is an American, he will be Republican or Democrat, northerner or southerner, easterner or westerner, Negro or white, religionist or nonbeliever, employer or laborer, urbanite or countryman, clubber or loner. In the more personal octaves, the registrations show music lovers and non-music lovers, coffee drinkers and tea drinkers, smokers and non-smokers, sportsmen and sedentaries, meat eaters and vegetarians, Yankee baseball worshippers and Yankee haters.

The significant thing about each category is that it yields to a larger one, where the loyalties are even more acute. Southern Methodists and Northern Methodists may each possess a severe sense of separate identification, but both come together in confrontation with Presbyterians or Episcopalians, each of which has its own subdivisions. But all these groupings take on the unifying identification of Protestantism in confrontation with Catholicism or Judaism. And all these assert the Judaeo-Christian tradition in confrontation with Oriental religions. Finally, it is religionist vs. atheist. Factions within the political parties in the United States consolidate when the choice is between Republican or Democrat. And both parties combine when the juxtaposition is between the United States or another nation. The nations band together in coalitions against other nations.

ON less consequential grounds: there are at least a dozen stout divisions of jazz enthusiasts, all of whom will turn as one man on the sweet literalists of the Thirties. Met lovers and Dodger lovers despise one another, but on All Star Day they are brother National Leaguers against the alien rabble from the American League. Nothing is more natural than the escalation of human combinations. Unlike the second law of thermodynamics in science, where things have a way of becoming more random, human evolution bears witness to the development of larger and more encompassing units.

All this is by way of calling attention to the imminent emergence today of a new grouping in the world political arena. Next to the classification of man according to sex, this new grouping may well represent the outermost circle of human divisions. For the situation that gives rise to the new grouping is concerned with the largest question yet to face the human race: how to keep the species from decimating itself. The new grouping, therefore, consists of those who understand the full implications of the [redacted] clear age and those who do not. On [redacted] side are those who recognize that the advent of nuclear weapons renders obsolete all the old notions about war and measures leading to war. On the other side are those who find it necessary to scoff at the nuclear horror, or at least to view it as an evil that can be sustained if need be.

This development has been in the making ever since Hiroshima. In the past year, however, it has been pointing to a genuine and visible form. Pope John XXIII's historic encyclical, *Pacem in Terris*, put peace at the top of the human agenda. He made it clear that the Church's historic conflict with Communism must not be allowed to obstruct a view of the new imperatives. He believed that all men, whatever their religious or political affiliations, now had to come together against the threat of human incineration in a nuclear war. Pope Paul VI has identified himself with the party of peace. The two giant branches of Communism have split on the issue of nuclear war. The Soviet branch has asserted that nuclear weapons rule out national or ideological victory through war. The Chinese branch believes that nuclear war would be horrible but that it may have to be sustained.

Echoing the line of the Chinese Communists are those in the United States and the Western world who still think in terms of military solutions. Like the Chinese, they believe that war may be inevitable under the present circumstances of world ideological division. The language used by both groups is almost identical. Each asserts the primacy of its objectives, to which nuclear war is made subordinate.

The new world division, therefore, is between the Thinkables and the Unthinkables—between those who believe that nuclear war is thinkable and those who do not. In short, it is between those who put national and ideological objectives first and those who see a prior obligation to keep this planet from becoming a nuclear furnace. None of the old questions is resolved by the present division; freedom vs. Communism, West vs. East, etc. But at least there is a party consisting of people in both camps who insist that the resolution must not take a nuclear form. This party has made possible a small but vital beginning in the form of a partial ban on nuclear tests. It has far to go before it eliminates all the other dangers. But it has proved that it can act. With encouragement, it will act further.—N.C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

A WOMAN'S WORLD

JEAN COMINGS, in her letter to the editor [*SR*, July 6], asks if the reason husbands and wives have nothing to say is that the wife has ceased to grow intellectually, that *she* is ill-informed on world affairs.

May I suggest that it is frequently the other way around? It is possible *he* has allowed his mind to shrink to the size of his office and today's problem therein. And this problem he has poured out to his wife, to the last drop, while they were dressing for dinner. . . .

Let's stop worrying about the intellectual development of the average woman, and take a long (and, hopefully, constructive) look at the intellectual agility of the average man, age forty and upward.

ARLINE WIGGINS.

Olympia, Wash.

I AM SICK TO DEATH of reading articles about the continuing education of women, and letters such as the one written by Jean Comings that downgrade women and constantly put the entire burden of guilt on their shoulders.

I, too, have observed the tragic silence between married couples dining out. In fact, I sit regularly at such a table. And from where I sit it seems to me that we should be more concerned about the continuing education of men. Just because a man sits behind a desk, conducts business in an office, or pursues a profession does not necessarily insure that he is a success in the cultural field, or even a stimulating dinner partner.

My husband and I are both college graduates (1941). He is considered a successful businessman and provides an excellent living for us. Through the twenty-three years of our marriage I have continued my awareness of the world in which we live. I have tried to discuss ideas with him, but it is of no use. His reading consists of business papers, the daily local paper, and the *Wall Street Journal*. For relaxation he is interested only in fishing, spectator sports, and the idiot box.

This is typical of the group we associate with. It is the women who take the children to the ballet, the lectures, the symphony. I subscribe to all the Theatre Guild plays and am actively interested in local little theatre and the exciting new Tyrone Guthrie Theatre. But my tickets are always for the matinee; he is bored with an evening of theatre. The press, and even theatre people themselves, often make jokes about the Wednesday afternoon matinee crowd. To me, we are a pathetic and lonesome group of women.

In the twenty-three years of our marriage, I am the one who subscribes to the magazines such as *Saturday Review* and *The Atlantic*, who joins book clubs, who reads not only the new books but rereads the classics, who takes classes and holds office in the PTA.

When my oldest daughter's college-age boy friend and I sit for fifteen minutes over a cup of after-dinner coffee, and he talks with me as if I were an intelligent and educated human being with ideas, I feel like a real person again.

I have enjoyed raising children and trying to create a home that is meaningful. I do not feel, as some women apparently do, that education is wasted on a homemaker. I feel strongly that it is a creative and rewarding career to manage a serene home and raise intelligent youngsters. But it has to be a partnership. I do not feel that I would necessarily be contributing more if I pounded typewriter keys or sold real estate or bought fashions.

Men tend to put a dollar sign on education. They work for a degree or a certificate or something to signify that they can now produce in the material sense, and that is the end of education.

The truly amazing part of all this is that the male ego is such that were I to show this letter to my husband tonight, he wouldn't know what I was talking about. I wonder how many other women feel as I do. How about *SR* giving some thought to starting a project for educating the adult American male?

NAME WITHHELD.

Minneapolis, Minn.

"One economy move we haven't considered is cutting all the dollar-a-year men to fifty cents."

WHAT WRITING ISN'T

DAVID DEMPSEY'S article "Let the Would-Be-Writer Beware" [*SR*, July 13] should have been titled "Thus Hangs the Fabled Carrot," for it is this carrot that keeps the would-be writer writing and the would-be, so-called schools of writing rich. Mr. Dempsey is to be commended for this eye-opener in the field of writing. It is about time somebody exposed the wonderful world of writing as being exactly what it is: underpaid, unglamorous, unteachable, and damned hard work. Now I think a good sound exposé of advertised read-for-pay agents should be next on the agenda and, after all is said and read, the writer might then proceed at his own risk.

PAT STERN.

East Orange, N.J.

TOP TEN

IN ANSWER TO Doris Barth's letter asking for a list of the ten best novels published in English during the last ten years [*SR*, July 20]

Calder Willingham: *Eternal Fire*
Vladimir Nabokov: *Lolita*
Vladimir Nabokov: *Pale Fire*
J. P. Donleavy: *The Ginger Man*
John O'Hara: *From the Terrace*
Kingsley Amis: *Lucky Jim*
John Updike: *Rabbit Run*
Henry Miller: *Tropic of Capricorn*
Norman Fruchter: *Coat Upon a Stick*
Robert Penn Warren: *The Cave*

RICHARD W. BOETH,
Books Editor, *Newsweek*.

New York, N.Y.

C. P. Snow: *The Affair*
Joyce Cary: *Except the Lord*
Muriel Spark: *Memento Mori*
James Gould Cozzens: *By Love Possessed*
Kingsley Amis: *Lucky Jim*
Walker Percy: *The Moviegoer*
William Faulkner: *The Mansion*
Mark Harris: *Bang the Drum Slowly*
Peter DeVries: *The Mackerel Plaza*
Lawrence Durrell: *The Alexandria Quartet*

ROLLEEN SAAL.

Miami, Fla.

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TV AND RADIO

Wishful Shrinking

IT didn't take CBS News long to decide that *Town Meeting of the World,* its recent experiment in live, simultaneous international telecasting via Telstar II, was a success. The hour-long program featuring former President Eisenhower (Denver), Anthony Eden (London), Jean Monnet (Brussels), and Heinrich von Brentano (Bonn) was presented originally at the noon hour in the Eastern United States. Walter Cronkite, moderator (in New York) for the broadcast, said at the end that he hoped it would be "the forerunner of many face-to-face meetings of the world's statesmen." Seven hours later, when he signed off the taped repeat of the original show, he said: "It has worked. CBS News is pleased to announce that, on the basis of this experiment, it will continue on a regular quarterly basis with similar *Town Meetings of the World,* beginning next fall." The network officials rightly judged the notable telecast a success despite the fact that it was not seen and heard completely and simultaneously on both sides of the Atlantic as had been planned originally.

President de Gaulle, it appeared, was perhaps directly responsible. His French Ministry of Postal Services and Telecommunications refused to allow CBS News the use of the ground station at Pleumer Bodou on the French coast. This station would have relayed, via Telstar II, the American portion of the broadcast to viewers in Europe. Americans saw the complete program because a British ground station at Goonhilly Downs sent them, via the communications satellite, the images of the European participants. As a result of the complicated technical snafu, no one in Europe saw the program live as it was broadcast, and Eden, Monnet, and von Brentano, in their different European studios, could not see (though they could hear) the American participants. Several European nations viewed the complete show as it was relayed to them on tape after the original telecast. The French viewers, however, were not permitted to see even the post-telecast version, it was reported. De Gaulle's veto was attributed chiefly to his pique over the participation in the program of Monnet, father of the Common Market and passionate advocate of Anglo-European unity and close partnership with the United States. Not only did the French withhold the use of their own ground station; they even tried to persuade the British not to participate.

CBS News, in announcing plans for future *Town Meeting* programs, is presumably hoping that the Gallic freeze will thaw in the future. It is unthinkable that President de Gaulle should have a veto over the use of Telstar II for complete, live international programs. Certainly, no American network would be willing to choose its participants with an eye on their acceptability to the French regime. To modify choice of subjects to avoid controversy would defeat the purposes of such international dialogues. The French President was able to diminish the first effort, but, independent as he is, it is hard to imagine his making a practice of it. France is a member of the European Broadcasting Union, and such action would hardly be in accord with the ideals of this valuable organization. Neither can it serve the interests of the French people. Whatever merit there may be in de Gaulle's position on the Common Market and other European and world problems, he risks loss of respect in refusing to allow the varying views of his countrymen and political opponents to be heard.

Oddly enough, the incident throws new light on the importance of diversity of control over the channels of communication within nations as they approach each other in the unexplored space of international television communication. France is a nation whose broadcasting system is under exclusive government operation. For the French this may make sense in national affairs, but it doesn't make sense in international broadcasting when this exclusivity is distorted for political purposes by the authorities who happen to be in power. Our commercial system in the United States has its faults, but our diversity of operation would fortunately preclude an exclusive veto of a European-originated international television program. Such a veto would also be unthinkable in Great Britain, where there are not only two competing systems, but where, even if there were only one—the BBC—the politically independent tradition of that service would make a Goonhilly Downs veto remote. There is a world community emerging rapidly. For France to abstain from its common economic necessities is somehow not as shocking as its highly un-French withdrawal, in *Town Meeting of the World,* from the world community of ideas.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

IS THERE A DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE?

Each of the words skeletonized below contains the letter combination DR (which can mean not only *doctor* but also *debtor* or *dram*). Captain James E. Banks of USAF Academy, Colorado, asks you to fill in the blank spaces. Answers on page 28.

1. _ _ _ D R _ _	commonplace
2. _ _ D R _ _ _	disrobe
3. _ _ _ _ _ _ D R _ _	burlesque title for high official
4. _ _ D R _	skeleton organization
5. _ _ D R _ _ _	a foundation
6. _ _ D R _ _ _ _ _	compassionate Roman slave
7. _ _ _ _ D R _ _	water condensed from the atmosphere
8. _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ D R _ _	shrub of the heath family
9. _ _ _ D R _	diverse
10. _ _ _ D R _ _ _	herb
11. _ _ _ D R _ _	eggs of the genus *Alosa* (two words)
12. _ _ D R _ _ _ _ _	confined to one's couch
13. _ _ _ _ _ _ D R _	prophetess of evil
14. _ _ _ _ D R _ _ _	remove moisture
15. _ _ _ _ _ D R _ _ _	class of words such as madam, Hannah

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30 *SR*'s Check List of Current Books

LITERARY HORIZONS

Four Stories About Page One

LAST spring I had a chance to hear and to see something of the Freedom Singers, a remarkable group of young people who sing the songs that have developed in the course of the struggle for civil rights as well as the older songs of the Negro people. But these are not only gifted singers; they are all field secretaries of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, veterans of many demonstrations, alumni of a variety of jails. To hear their stories is to be deeply moved.

The whole upsurge of the Negro people is something that might touch the imagination of any writer of fiction. There is not only the movement of the students—"those wonderful kids," as James Baldwin calls them. There is heroism of many kinds and on many levels, and of whites as well as Negroes. There are all sorts of conflicts, too, so that we have James Meredith in tears because of the rebuke of an NAACP leader. All around the fringes of the movement, and on both sides of the barricades, magnificent dramas are taking place.

Within the past few weeks three stories by eminent American writers have indicated some of the fictional possibilities. In *Partisan Review* Ralph Ellison's "It Always Breaks Out"—presumably a part of his forthcoming novel—takes off from a Negro jazzman's act of protest, the burning of his Cadillac on the lawn of an abusively anti-Negro Senator. The incident is discussed by a group of journalists, one of whom, a Southerner, undertakes to state what is political action on the part of a Negro. It turns out that everything a Negro does, from buying a bulldozer to joining the Book-of-the-Month Club, is political. The reporter's diatribe is high-pitched enough to be funny, but the point Ellison makes is serious.

In "Black Is My Favorite Color," published in *The Reporter,* Bernard Malamud looks at the general problem of the white person who is friendly to Negroes but, being white, is rejected by them. The narrator, Nat Lime, Jewish proprietor of a liquor store in Harlem, recounts a series of rejections, from the trivial to the serious. He says: "If they knew what was in my heart towards them, but how can you tell that to anybody nowadays. I've tried more than once but the language of the heart either is a dead language or else nobody understands it the way you speak it. Very few."

The most surprising of the three is Eudora Welty's "Where Is the Voice Coming From?" in *The New Yorker,* which is like nothing else she has written. Although it was published after the shooting of Medgar Evans, it must have been written before, and its relevance to that tragic event is uncanny. Here is a white man's story of how and, so far as he understands it, why he shot a Negro leader ("I done it for my own pure-D satisfaction."). It is a fiercely cold and powerful story.

The three stories in their widely differing ways show how much can be done with the subject of racial conflict,

but of course the subject alone does not guarantee a fine story. How far achievement can fall below intention is illustrated by *If We Must Die*, a very short novel by Junius Edwards (Doubleday, $2.95).

The plot can be quickly told. A young Southern Negro named Will Harris, a veteran of the Korean War, decides, partly because of his mother's urging, to register to vote. He goes to the courthouse, is kept waiting for a long time, is treated overbearingly by a pair of white officials, and finally is rejected on nonsensical grounds. That afternoon he is fired from his job, and discovers that he has been blacklisted everywhere in town. In the evening, after going to see his girl, he is waylaid by three whites, badly beaten, threatened with castration, and left to die.

That such things happen everyone

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knows, but that does not make the book credible. To begin with, Will is unbelievably naïve. Although he is nervous about going to register, it does not seem to have occurred to him that there may be serious difficulties. One would suppose that any Negro in such a community would know of the experiences of other Negroes and would have a pretty good idea what to expect.

So far as the actions and words of the officials are concerned, the scene at the courthouse is well handled; but again we have almost no insight into Will's mind, though the story is told from his point of view. What he feels as the men taunt and badger him is left almost entirely to the reader's imagination. The same thing is true of the final scene: the kidnappers are plausible enough, but we are never made to feel what Will is feeling.

The style is curiously flat and unimaginative:

> When they reached the factory building, they went around to the back and went inside and downstairs to the toilet. They had their water cans down there. Each can was big enough to hold one gallon of water. They had to fill up those cans with water and take them up to the third floor with them where they worked so they could have water to drink when they got thirsty. The work was hard and it was hot and they got thirsty often. It took too much time to run down to the toilet every time they were thirsty. They weren't allowed to use the water fountain because it was for the other workers.

Nothing in the whole struggle for civil rights is more important than the attempt of Negroes to secure the vote, and yet Edwards has managed to make almost nothing of this theme in fictional terms. Clearly his heart is in the right place; he wants to protest against injustice and brutality. But, because he cannot bring his character to life, because he cannot make Will real to us, he leaves us quite unmoved.

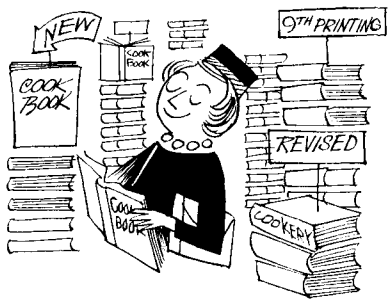
It is interesting to note how much more each of the three short stories does than this novelette. Miss Welty tells us more about Southern whites who are inclined to violence. Ellison explores more deeply the nature of the conflict between whites and Negroes. Malamud shows us the predicament of the white man of good will. Of course, these three writers are experienced as well as highly gifted, and one cannot expect a beginner such as Edwards to equal their achievement, but one can ask for at least glimpses of imaginative power. Even as a piece of propaganda, the little book is ineffectual because it does not have the breath of life.

—Granville Hicks.

THE PUBLISHING SCENE

On the Fringe

THE LADIES' SLICKS, which have been fighting the circulation wars seemingly forever, are moving their battle sites to the bookstores. This fall will find the following magazine-connected cookbooks (new, updated, expanded, revised, or what-have-you) vying for buyer attention: *The New Good Housekeeping Cookbook* (Harcourt, Brace & World), *Glamour Magazine New After Five Cookbook* (Doubleday), *Ladies' Home Journal Cookbook* (Doubleday), and *McCall's Cookbook* (Random House).



Since culinary guides multiply like mushrooms and hamsters, they are usually something less than newsworthy. But please note this arresting fact: when the first edition of the *Good Housekeeping Cookbook* made its appearance in 1942, *GH*'s editor-in-chief, and therefore the man behind the organization and publication of the volume, was Herbert R. Mayes. This year finds Mr. Mayes president of the McCall Corporation and therefore the man behind the *McCall's Cookbook*, a two-year editorial project.

Certain of a scoop that would make my reputation, I raced over to get a statement from the man in competition with himself. Mr. Mayes spoke ever so gently. "I see no particular competition between the two books. Women may well buy them both."

Determined not to be robbed of my story, I cut in sharply with, "But surely, Mr. Mayes . . . ."

He parried with, "A good basic cookbook will always sell. It is the type of solid property every publisher likes to have."

Well, anyway, Mr. Mayes is the man behind two cookbooks that will be on sale in the fall. Never mind who I am.

TWO NEW BOOKS from two unexpected pens — Dylan Thomas, who died in 1953, and Jack London, who died in 1916—will be appearing this October, and thereby hang two tales:

The Dylan Thomas work is the late Welsh poet's screenplay of *The Beach of Falesá*, adapted from the Robert Louis Stevenson novel of rivalry and violence on a South Pacific island. Written in 1948 for the J. Arthur Rank Organization, it went the way of too many film properties, which is nowhere.

Enter Israel Berman, president of Viking Films, who rediscovered the dusty script, bought it, and arranged for its one appearance to date, which was within the pages of *Harper's Bazaar* in 1959.

As of this writing, the wheels are promising to turn for a film production at the end of 1964 with Richard Burton as the star; and there's a possibility that Laurence Olivier will also appear.

Now, how did Stein & Day, a publishing firm only a bit over a year old, win the rights to bring forth the Thomas screenplay under their colophon? The deciding factor was their publication of Elia Kazan's *America America*, a screenplay smoothed into a novel by the removal of camera directions. Mr. Berman saw the book, liked it, and suggested that *The Beach of Falesá* be handled in the same way. Needless to say, Stein & Day agreed.

The story behind this October's publication by McGraw-Hill of Jack London's *The Assassination Bureau, Ltd.* begins in the year 1910. At that time Jack London was at the top of the writing heap, his reputation solidly established by such novels as *Call of the Wild* (1903), *The Sea Wolf* (1904), *White Fang* (1906), and *Martin Eden* (1909). Far from the top in 1910 was a twenty-five-year-old newspaperman named Sinclair Lewis, who, among other things, sold plots of his own creation to writers. Jack London bought one batch of fourteen plots from Lewis for the sum of $70. From the fourteen plots London produced two short stories and part of a novel entitled *The Assassination Bureau, Ltd.* But London never completed the novel. He didn't like Lewis's ending and was never able to come up with anything better of his own. When London died in 1916, he left behind approximately two-thirds of the novel and his notes for the rest of the book.

Skip now to the offices of *Ellery*

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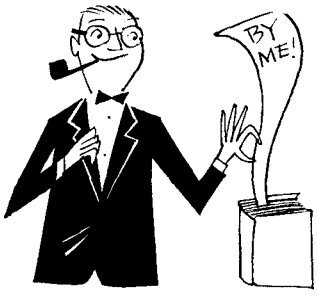
Queen's Mystery Magazine in the year 1951. The managing editor at the time was Robert P. Mills, today an agent with General Artists Corporation. One of the many people who passed through the managing editor's office in 1951 was Irving Shepard, a nephew of Jack London and possessor of the uncompleted manuscript of *The Assassination Bureau, Ltd.* Mr. Shepard hoped to interest "Ellery Queen" (the writing team of Frederic Dannay and Manfred B. Lee) in finishing his uncle's novel. The manuscript was sent into the *sanctum sanctorum* for consideration.

Jump again to only a year or two ago when Mr. Mills, now a literary agent, remembered Mr. Shepard's quest. He checked and found that the London manuscript was still as it had been left in 1916. Mr. Mills brought together *The Assassination Bureau, Ltd.* and his client Robert L. Fish, who has a talent for writing in the styles of others—though please mark that, writing exclusively in his own style, Robert L. Fish produced *The Fugitive* (Simon & Schuster), which won the 1962 Edgar for the best first mystery of the year.

Mr. Fish not only completed the London novel, but created an ending for it. According to McGraw-Hill's editor on the book, David Segal, R. L.



Fish's ear is so perfect that only Jack London could tell where his alter ego took over. For those readers who insist on knowing, the published volume will contain a note at the end revealing where the switch occurs.

The Assassination Bureau, Ltd. tells of a moral Murder Incorporated. The Bureau will only accept a murder commission when it feels that the victim's death will be of benefit to society. The story rolls into high gear when a client convinces the president of the Assassination Bureau that he (the president) is morally undesirable and that the organization should accept the contract for its president's murder.

And that is all you are going to know about *The Assassination Bureau, Ltd.* until October. But after a fifty-three-year wait, surely you can hold on for another two months.

—HASKEL FRANKEL.

POLITICAL THEORY

Editor-in-Chief of Democracy

The Essential Lippmann, *edited by Clinton Rossiter and James Lare (Random House. 552 pp. $7.50), reveals the noted columnist's sharpness of political insight as well as his occasional striking miscalculations. James MacGregor Burns of the Political Science Department at Williams College wrote "Roosevelt: The Lion and the Fox" and "The Deadlock of Democracy: Four-Party Politics in America," published early this year.*

By JAMES MACGREGOR BURNS

AS A book, this collection is easy to review; it is a big, intelligently organized selection of Walter Lippmann's writings and speeches over fifty years. But how to review Lippmann—or at least the 230,000 of his estimated 10,000,000 published words that the editors present here? Happily, Clinton Rossiter and James Lare simplify this task by offering a test of Lippmann's place in modern American thought. The volume, they say, is "a witness to our conviction that he is perhaps the most important American political thinker of the twentieth century."

Ignore that wretched "perhaps." It is a measure of Lippmann's stature that he can be legitimately tested against this high standard. A political thinker is more than a commentator or analyst; he is a man who creates or renovates a systematic and comprehensive philosophy, hammers out the links between political means and social ends, and illuminates complex forces and institutions with a central and steady vision.

The sharpness of Lippmann's political insights, the acuteness of his vision of society—these are beyond question. Glistening in his writings almost from the start have been several recognitions of immense importance to an understanding of democratic government: that the best government is not the least government; that public responsibilities have priority over private pleasures (this long before Galbraith); that individual liberty is possible only in an ordered, disciplined society; that the cure for democracy is not more democracy; that leaders must stimulate and guide public opinion instead of waiting for fuzzy attitudes to congeal and show the way; that a strong executive is indispensable to popular government. And these opinions have been presented in the spare elegance of Lippmann's prose style—a style that has changed remarkably little since his Harvard days.

But insights and patches of wisdom do not add up to a body of political thought. On the contrary, Lippmann has not been a political thinker, in the sense defined above, because he has fluctuated between two opposing visions of the good society. Part of the time he has argued brilliantly for the pluralistic society—for a mixed economy, governmental checks and balances, administrative decentralization, sectional balance, political consensus. Part of the time he has argued with equal brilliance for a disciplined, ordered society, led by executives of vigor and vision who are capable of defying capricious public opinion, supported by a complaisant legislature, and devoted to the pursuit of a public philosophy and a higher morality deeply rooted in durable canons of civility, duty, disinterested public service, and a "common conception of law and order which possesses a universal validity."

This dichotomy, of course, is an old and classic one in political thought; the point is that Lippmann has mirrored it rather than resolved it. His ambivalence has led him into numerous difficulties. Consider the theoretical problem of majority rule and the very practical problem of the filibuster in the Senate. For years Lippmann has railed against rule by 51 per cent of the people, as he conceives it; indeed, the editors begin with selections on this topic. At the same time Lippmann has wanted a strong executive, in seeming ignorance of the fact that the more support an executive must marshal beyond a majority, the more halting, timorous, and uncertain executive action must be. An energetic government is simply incompatible with consensus representation, except perhaps in wartime. Too, in his pluralistic moods Lippmann has gone out of his way to defend the right to filibuster. Recently, perceiving the prospect that President Kennedy's civil rights proposals might be filibustered to death this fall, he changed his stand. But it is late—perhaps too late; Lippmann simply failed to give moral leadership in this small but critical sector of political action.

Perhaps by intent, Lippmann has been suspended between two worlds—

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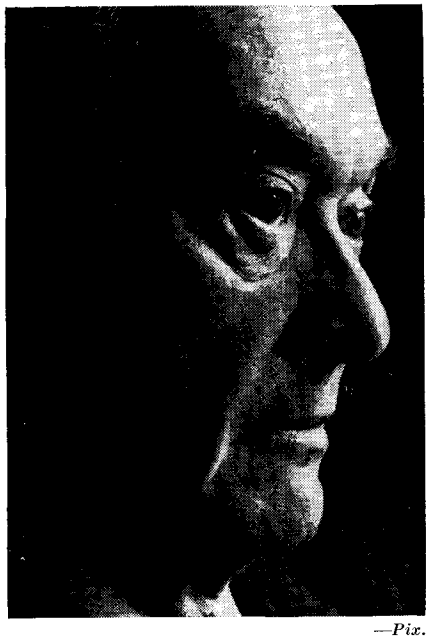

—*Pix.*

Walter Lippmann—in his writings, recognitions of immense importance.

the rarefied world of the detached intellectual, where he has occasionally visited but never stayed very long, and the messy, sweaty, grubby world of the politician. He has not submerged himself in the latter, as, say, Machiavelli did. Indeed, his disdain for practical politics may have led him into some of his noted miscalculations concerning political figures, such as his denigration of Roosevelt in 1932 (not included in this collection), and into a number of rather curious campaign endorsements, including Alf Landon in 1936 and Dwight Eisenhower in 1952. On the other hand, Lippmann has not cut his ties from day-to-day affairs long enough to achieve an elevated and comprehensive political philosophy, as Kant and Hegel did. Perhaps more important and more unfortunate, he has evidently kept his distance from the world of modern scholarship, where so many of the problems and concepts that he has grappled with for so long —public opinion, pluralism, consensus, majority rule, and so on—have been dissected with care and imagination. A Robert Dahl analyzing Madisonian democracy, a V.O. Key, Jr., exploiting the public opinion findings of the Michigan Survey Research Center, a Robert Lane delineating the political universe of the "common man," a Bernard Berelson isolating the basically healthy balances of knowledge and attitudes among the mass of people—such scholars have simply rendered out of date many of the analytical tools and concepts with which Lippmann (and others) approach public problems today.

"Perhaps the most important American political thinker of the twentieth century"? Perhaps not. I should guess rather that Lippmann will be known as the greatest editorialist of the twentieth century—something more than a columnist, something less than a political theorist. Possibly this is the description that Lippmann himself would prefer. He has always prided himself on being a working newspaperman who had to meet deadlines; he has shared the woes of newspapermen dealing with political stuffed shirts; he is at his best in these pages when he is concerned with problems of the press, television, and other media. His most perceptive and prophetic book, *Public Opinion*, still relevant after forty years, deals with popular opinions informed or misinformed by the newspapers. The press, he once said, "is like the beam of a searchlight that moves restlessly about, bringing one episode and then another out of darkness into vision." For over fifty years that has been Walter Lippmann's supreme achievement.

Age-Old Disorders of New Orders

On Revolution, *by Hannah Arendt (Viking. 343 pp. $6.50), questions why revolutionary action rarely, if ever, achieves the desired goals. D. W. Brogan, professor of political science at Cambridge University, wrote "The French Nation: From Napoleon to Pétain, 1814-1910."*

By D. W. BROGAN

THIS is a remarkable and, to be candid, unusually difficult book. Hannah Arendt is an extremely learned historian and philosopher, and she makes few concessions to the reader who is used to the simpler, non-German style of political writing common in the United States and Great Britain. I have read few books in recent years with so many quotations in Greek—and elegantly printed Greek, at that. Mercifully, translations are provided. But Miss Arendt does expect readers to bring to her book a great deal of knowledge and to understand sometimes recondite allusions.

Her book seems to fall into two parts. One is a learned and acute discussion of the exact meaning of the term "revolution"; the other a convincing discrimination between the American and the French revolutions. Miss Arendt does not agree with the school of historians who hold that there was no American Revolution, merely an adjustment of external relations between the colonies and the Mother Country. She has soaked herself too deeply in the writings of John Adams to believe this. For her, in a possibly more sophisticated sense than the Fathers of the Revolution meant it, the founders of the American Republic *did* intend to institute a *novus ordo seclorum.* That "new order of the ages" meets with Miss Arendt's approval.

It is a pity, she thinks (and I agree with her), that the revolutionary example that was followed all over the world was not that of the Americans but that of the French. "It was the French and not the American Revolution that set the world on fire, and it was consequently from the course of the French Revolution, and not from the course of events in America or from the acts of the Founding Fathers, that our present use of the word 'revolution' receives its connotations and overtones everywhere, this country not excluded."

Hence it is on the French Revolution and its children, notably the Bolshevik Revolution, that Miss Arendt concentrates. She does this with great knowledge and discernment, but, for a historian like myself, in too purely theoretical a manner. She notes the impact of poverty, of "misery" on the Revolution, the degree to which the plans of the politicians for readjusting French society were overwhelmed by the desperate claims of the poor. This is a perfectly valid point. But the character of the Revolution is described in theoretical terms. We are told a great deal about the views of Robespierre and St. Just, but there is hardly any allusion to the fact that the Reign of Terror was an aspect of a desperate civil as well as external war. And, indeed, Robespierre and St. Just are treated too much as if they were Lenin and Trotsky, in complete command of the political machine. An account of the year 1793-94 in which the name of Carnot does not appear is, I think, too ideological. Yet the explanation of why the French Revolution did not in fact produce "freedom" is admirably done, and is highly topical since, in so great a part of the world today, the driving force is the desire to escape from misery and not to obtain freedom.

Miss Arendt points out that the word

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"revolution" etymologically and historically often means a restoration of a past deemed to be more just, more happy, and more right than the existing situation; but she also notes that revolutions have not in fact delivered the goods. They have as a rule neither reduced misery nor promoted freedom. Almost the only exception she allows for is the Hungarian Revolution of 1956, which had a brief, glorious, but unhappy fate.

The consideration of the Hungarian Revolution brings Miss Arendt and her readers to what is, in a sense, the most important part of her remarkable book. She is hostile to political parties, political programs, and, indeed, to political authority; this last and, in my opinion, most interesting but too brief section of her book deals with the question of how to avoid the repeated betrayal of the hopes expressed in revolutionary action. Miss Arendt does not give herself enough space to develop her ideas, which seem to me to be anarchical rather in the manner of Proudhon. She notes that in revolutions "Communes," "Soviets," "*Räte*" spring up spontaneously, as in the Paris of 1871, the Petrograd of 1917, the Berlin of 1918, the Budapest of 1956. Obviously Miss Arendt thinks that a spontaneous organization from the bottom upwards, delegating power from the local committee to the bigger committee to the national committee, and the choosing or self-choosing of those who want to serve in the public sphere, is the solution to the problem of political justice.

MAYBE. But all of the experiments Miss Arendt deals with were in fact failures. It could be argued that the Hungarian Revolution of 1956 was a failure only because the Soviet armies crushed it; it might have succeeded if the Russians had kept their hands off. But it is also possible that in any revolutionary situation the people who secure control of the central governmental apparatus, the Jacobins or the Bolsheviks, win; that it is part of our unfortunate human destiny that power goes not to the self-selected devotees of the public good whom Miss Arendt wants to see managing our common concerns, but to people who seek power either for power's sake or to impose their own pattern of belief in action. The New England "towns" that Jefferson wanted to see introduced into Virginia were probably as admirable as Tocqueville thought they were; but the future was to the big state, to the Union, to those usurpations of authority that Miss Arendt detests, and about whose abolition she is more hopeful than I dare to be.

Parley, Stockpile, and Stalemate

Negotiation from Strength: A Study in the Politics of Power, *by Coral Bell (Knopf. 241 pp. $4.95), charges U.S. foreign policy with failures of omission rather than commission in coping with the contemporary "balance of terror." Social scientist Kenneth W. Thompson has been on the faculties of the University of Chicago and Northwestern.*

By KENNETH W. THOMPSON

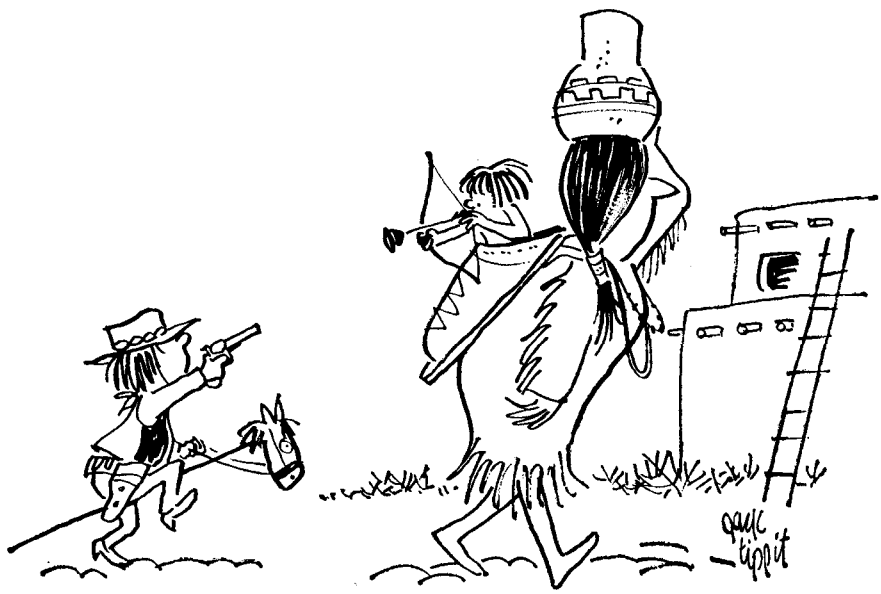
WITHIN the United States, the years since 1946 have witnessed a growing consensus on the meaning of a century and a half of experience in foreign relations. Most of our responsible leaders agree that foreign policy divorced from strength is doomed to impotence and failure. Democracies historically are the first to disarm and the last to arm. In consequence, free nations, as Secretary of State Dean Rusk observed, run the risk of "tempting thieves." With reluctance and sadness, postwar leaders who, in Archibald MacLeish's wartime words, are inescapably driven to choose between being "responsible or pure," have opted for preparedness. Those who expected to live under a Parliament of the World have had to accept the precarious security of the Balance of Terror. Even today, the United States and the West strive to build "situations of strength," both to deter aggression and to lay foundations for viable negotiations with the Soviet world power.

The critics of this policy have overwhelmingly been those who fear surrender and capitulation to "the enemy." Those liberal voices that have been raised to question it for another reason have for the most part ignored the substance and details of foreign policy.

Coral Bell's provocative little volume is drawn largely from hard facts and raw data. Relentlessly and unsparingly she charges successive Administrations with failures of omission, not commission, in negotiation. Our policy, she insists, has neither succeeded in building conditions of strength nor in exploiting opportunities to negotiate. The record is one of missed opportunities and of choosing the wrong fork in the road. Its weakness, moreover, can be found in certain inherent tendencies that result from the faulty logic of underlying assumptions. The author maintains that from 1950-1962 we were drifting toward a dangerous and hopeless stalemate.

Negotiation from strength in Dr. Bell's analysis is a policy of the lowest common denominator. It is essentially the product of prevalent forces and viewpoints on both sides of the Atlantic. In her eyes most Americans and some Europeans, reflecting the psychology of Yalta and Munich, agree that "we never lost a war or won a conference"; for them the accepted American

(*Continued on page* 30)



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Specialists Diagnose the Stricken American City

On Her Jammed Roads, in the Polluted Air, Slum and Solvent Dwellers Suffer Alike

By C. W. GRIFFIN, JR., *author of a forthcoming book entitled "Frontier Freedoms and Urban Chaos."*

THE ILLS of cities have attracted increasing attention since W.H. Whyte diagnosed them six years ago in *The Exploding Metropolis.* As Mr. Whyte predicted, the worst urban diseases have grown to epidemic proportions, and new maladies are springing up to compound the crisis. And, as a number of recent studies make clear, with more and more Americans congregating about our cities and the tentacles of urban development slithering far into the countryside, we must make drastic changes in planning and controlling growth. If we don't, our contaminated air will become even less fit to breathe; rush-hour traffic jams will spread throughout whole regions, stretching nerve-grating commuting trips into life-sapping pilgrimages; the slums, with their cancerous mixture of filth, violence, and despair, will spill over the cities' borders into the suburbs; and a holiday at a beach or park will become a nostalgic memory.

Complacent suburbanites tempted to doubt this gloomy prophecy should read *Sick Cities: Psychology and Pathology of American Urban Life* (Macmillan, $6.50), by Mitchell Gordon, chief of the *Wall St. Journal's* Los Angeles News Bureau. Mr. Gordon does almost too well portraying the cities' plight. *Sick Cities* contains enough problems to fill the gaps even in a desultory worrier's schedule. In addition to the more familiar urban problems, you can now start fretting about the disposal of rising mounds of trash, the challenge to urban man posed by pigeons, starlings, and other feathered urbanites, and the rising noise level.

One of Mr. Gordon's best chapters concerns our splintered metropolitan governments. Archaically patterned on the system surviving from colonial times, hundreds of local governments in our metropolises often present a spectacle of total paralysis in coping with area-wide problems like transportation and air and water pollution. They wastefully duplicate services and squander energies competing for industrial taxes.

I would cite Maxwell Lehman, New York's First Deputy City Administrator, for more dramatic illustration of how local competition for industry contributes to transportation chaos and inequitable taxation. Several years ago seventeen companies were lured across the Hudson from New York City to relocate in Fair Lawn, N.J. But hundreds of plant workers employed by these companies continue to live in New York, since Fair Lawn's residential zoning, which limits most housing to the $20,000-plus range, effectively bars Puerto Rican, Negro, and even most white plant workers. As a result of industry's move to suburbia, rush-hour traffic has increased on the highways of Manhattan and North Jersey. Despite the loss of taxes formerly paid by the vanished industries, New York City still must provide health, educational, and other municipal services for the commuting, low-income residents. And the affluent citizens of Fair Lawn extract a tremendous tax bounty from the region at the expense of their neighbors.

APPEALS for tax equity and even the hope of economizing on city services or improving their quality seldom sway suburbanites, who consistently vote down proposals to extend metropolitan government. In fact, respectable, white suburbanites, cherishing the hopeless dream of stable tax rates and perpetual, isolated bliss in Happy Hills Estates, are a major obstacle to efficient, orderly urban development. Quick to denounce government aid to welfare recipients, most suburbanites remain oblivious to the governmental favors and subsidies lavished on them. For years the Federal Housing Administration and the Veterans' Administration actively promoted racially segregated suburban housing, helping to create the white residential rings around the decaying city cores. Urban freeway construction mutilates the cities, destroying precious park space, uprooting slumdwellers and small businessmen, largely for the benefit of suburban automobile commuters, who are heavily subsidized in the process (up to $1,000 per year). Suburban isolationism sometimes becomes pathological. Apparently seeking to avoid the remotest contact with disease and death, the wealthy citizens of San Marino, Calif., zoned out hospitals and mortuaries from their earthly paradise, reports Mr. Gordon.

The weakest part of his book is that suggesting solutions to the problems he presents so graphically. Though he notes many specific examples of cities attacking special problems, he fumbles the opportunity for outlining broader policies. For instance, after vividly portraying the folly of relying on urban freeways to alleviate the commuter crisis, Mr. Gordon condemns the only practical alternative: federal aid to mass transit to help offset the tremendous federal subsidies poured into highway construction and to restore a measure of fair economic competition between the two modes of commuter transportation.

The Highway and the City (Harcourt, Brace & World, paperback, $1.65), a collection of twenty-two essays by Lewis Mumford, records the vigorous praise more often than the thunderous denunciations of America's foremost urban and architectural critic. Though many of these essays are no longer timely, their interest survives through the humane sanity of Mr. Mumford's ideas and the vigor of his prose. (On urban freeways: "This is pyramid-building with a vengeance: a tomb of concrete roads and ramps covering the corpse of a city." On European automobiles: "These cars are sized to the human frame, not to the human ego.")

MR. Mumford's architectural criticism, which for lesser writers degenerates into the squashy jargon of art critics, is solid and sharp. If only Mr. Mumford could restrain his Olympian fury to objects worthy of his wrath. The esthetic misdemeanors of modern architects hardly equal the barbarous felonies of the highway engineers; yet he seems to find both groups guilty of comparable crimes.

As one might expect of a collection of twenty-nine essays by lawyers, sociologists, biologists, and city planners, *The Urban Condition,* edited by Leonard J. Duhl (Basic Books, $10), could drive a sensitive reader to the psychosemanticist's couch, his head reeling with "partial egosyntonic masteries," "multiple regressive analyses," and the like. Fortunately, there are several

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literary oases and some valuable information in the sands of this pedantic desert.

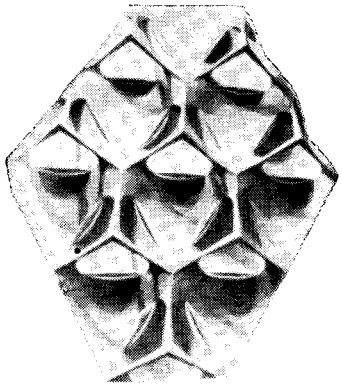
Two interesting studies reported in *The Urban Condition* confirm the thesis, expounded by Jane (*The Death and Life of Great American Cities*) Jacobs, that wholesale demolition of even the filthiest slums and the official filing of the uprooted tenants in high-rise public housing breeds resentment rather than gratitude. The headache ball and the bulldozer not only demolish the slum buildings; they also rip apart the social fabric of the slum neighborhood.

An attack on ivory-tower social research by Ellen Lurie, a New York community relations consultant, chides the universities for failing to apply their research in community programs.

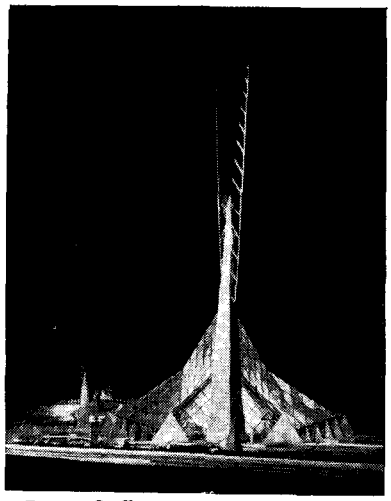
> "Centers of urban study" are cropping up everywhere. Sociologists, psychologists, economists, and even philosophers, spend extensive time observing and analyzing problems. . . . Our agencies and universities set up great research projects, and the problems of leadership and power structure in our urban society . . . are clearly, precisely, exhaustively examined.
>
> But so what? What sense of pressure and obligation do these same agencies and universities feel toward moving into action . . . ? Are they going to move in and face the community, or merely be satisfied with writing up the results?

Miss Lurie's criticism strikes a solid chord. Important as the quest for knowledge is, it often degenerates into academic leaf-raking, with no discernible relevance to real problems. The cities' fouled air, polluted rivers, vicious slums, and hopeless traffic jams cannot be attributed to a lack of theoretical knowledge. In many areas action is lagging several light years behind knowledge.

More than research is needed. Some basic problems require dramatization. There are powerful economic forces spoiling plans for curing urban ills. Parasitical landlords extracting outrageous rents from Negroes confined to ghetto slums fight housing-code enforcement and tax reform that would take away their public subsidies. Real-estate speculators, whose strategic land holdings cause the ugly, inefficient leap-frog patterns of urban sprawl, fight zoning ordinances and master plans that would provide desperately needed recreational areas. Highway lobbyists fight mass-transit plans that would spare city-dwellers and commuters the delays and public expense of traffic congestion. State legislators, draining city treasuries while ignoring city

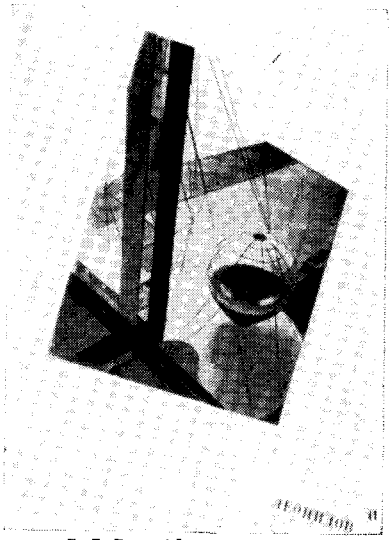


Enrico Castiglioni, Giorgio Bongioanni, Edoardo Sianesi: Roofing for a rail road platform, model section, 1956.

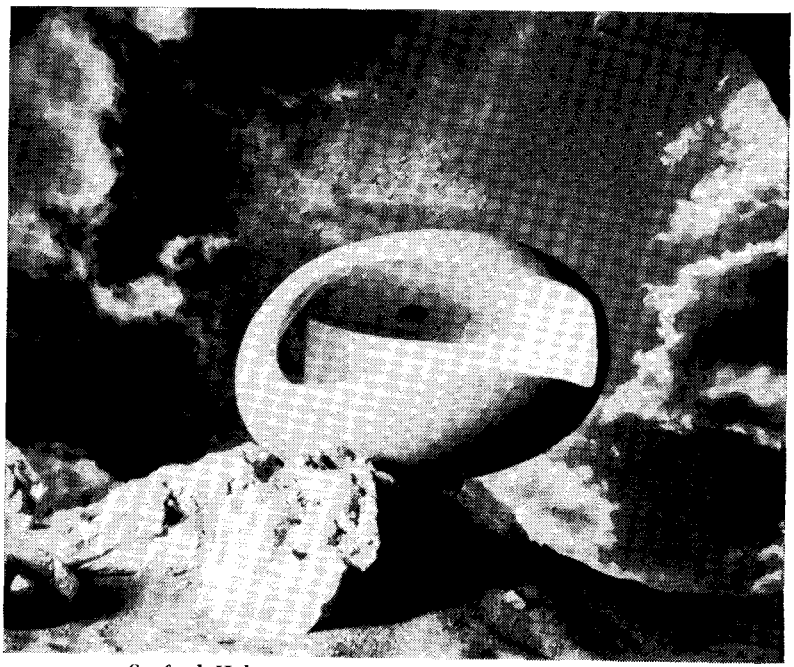


Bruce Goff: Project for a chapel, University of Oklahoma, 1950.

Visionary Houses: In their efforts to break away from the "banality" of traditional forms, the architects of the twentieth century sometimes wandered into byways that have been labeled freakish and even pathological. *The Architecture of Fantasy: Utopian Building and Planning in Modern Times*, by Ulrich Conrads and Hans G. Sperlich, translated, edited, and expanded by Christiane Crasemann Collins and George R. Collins (Praeger, $16), pictures models and designs that never achieved construction, together with actual buildings derived from them but with the eccentricities softened. The whole illustrates Paul Scheerbart's lines quoted in the introduction: "In Style play is the goal, / In Play the goal is style, / The Goal reached, play and style are one."



J. J. Leonidov: Design for Lenin Library, 1927-28.



Sanford Hohauser: Project for a beach house, 1956.

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needs, are fighting harder than ever to preserve the ancient institution of government by the yokels, for the yokels.

In *The Good City* (Indiana Univ. Press, $4.50) Lawrence Haworth, a philosophy professor from Purdue, assays a positive approach, but he seldom makes contact with his subject. In pursuit of some ephemeral abstraction called "the ideal city," Professor Haworth soars into the metaphysical mists and showers down a stream of pious clichés ("Race, color, or religion should not of themselves bar participation in any facet of neighborhood life"). From his stratospheric altitude, Professor Haworth barely seems to see the forest, let alone the trees.

A point insufficiently stressed in all these books concerns the archaic concept of freedom defended even by prominent Americans. Commerce Secretary Luther Hodges recently exhorted American motorists to rise up on their rear wheels and fight for the sacred right to jam up the cities' streets and highways, "a heritage from frontier days." This is not the only frontier freedom we will have to surrender as we approach an almost totally urban population of 350 million in the year 2000. If we cannot outgrow these childish perversions of the pioneer spirit, our ever-rising standard of living will accompany a steadily sinking quality of life.

Mighty Heart of Body Politic: Blake McKelvey, City Historian of Rochester, N.Y., has devoted a lifetime to the study of the metropolis. In *The Urbanization of America, 1860-1915* (Rutgers Univ. Press, $10) he describes and analyzes, thoughtfully, comprehensively, and in a most readable style, the causes and characteristics of urban growth and its impact on American society. Although he considers the institutional and structural innovations produced by the emerging cities, it is the human element with which he is mainly concerned. Thus his book deals with municipal corruption, civic planning, the rise of labor unions, philanthropy and the social gospel, public school education, the status of the graphic arts and the sciences, the life of the mind and the life of leisure.

The frontier experience, which historically had shaped national attitudes, gave way to the ever-widening reach of the city's influence. In *The Urbanization of America* Mr. McKelvey documents this transformation.

Containing as it does some fine illustrations of city scenes, city plans of different periods, maps, and an excellent bibliography, this work will interest both the general reader and the student of urban affairs. —SIDNEY WARREN.

FICTION

Spice of 18th-Century Life

Four Before Richardson: Selected English Novels, 1720-1727, *edited by William H. McBurney (University of Nebraska Press.* xxxvi, *373 pp. Hardbound $5.50. Paperback $1.95), reveal the early eighteenth-century's lust for life. J. Max Patrick is a specialist in utopian fiction and the editor, among other works, of William H. Mallock's "The New Republic."*

By J. MAX PATRICK

WHAT was the first novel in English? The stock answer, *Robinson Crusoe* or Richardson's *Pamela,* has long been scorned by scholars. Now, as evidence, they can point to the short novels in this collection. William H. McBurney selected them out of almost 400 published between 1700 and 1739; but sophisticated students of literature will continue to look further back, arguing that Chaucer's *Troilus and Criseyde* may be classed as a novel despite its poetry. The favorite claim for priority is made for *The Adventures of Master I* by the Elizabethan Gascoigne. A claim could also be made for several of the works in *The Anchor Anthology of Short Fiction of the Seventeenth Century,* edited by Charles C. Mish.

The problem hinges on how the essentials of the novel genre are defined. Paradoxically, critics classify almost any modern work of fiction as a novel, but in deciding if an early work belongs in the genre, they cavil over minutiae.

Eliza Haywood and Mary Davys, Arthur Blackamore, a Virginia schoolmaster who was dismissed for "scandalous acts of drunkenness," and the unidentified "W.P." are the authors of the four novelettes represented in McBurney's collection. The fact that they spent most of their lives out of London and came from petty bourgeois origins indicates how, by 1725, literature had ceased to be an upper-class luxury little shared by the masses.

Eliza Haywood abandoned her clergyman husband and exchanged "the Needle for the Quill," with which she penned plays and about thirty-nine pieces of fiction. Alexander Pope scathingly made this "Restoration female rake" the heroine of his *Dunciad.* Her *Philidore and Placentia; or, L'Amour trop Delicat* shows that such treatment was only partly deserved. Its three plots present variations on love—exalted, flamingly passionate, and lustfully physical. Despite the French title, the rich heroine tries to seduce the high-souled but penniless Philidore, who has disguised himself as a servant in order to worship her charms. It is he who is "too delicate" to accept her proposition. In the next episode, which takes place in Persia, the female is again the aggressor. She entices its hero to visit her in the harem of which she is part. As a result, her husband, the bashaw, takes action that enables this chapter to be headed, "The History of the Christian Eunuch."

Mary Davys, the Dublin-born widow of a parson schoolmaster, turned from mildly successful playwriting to open a coffeehouse in Cambridge. From it she issued her novel, *The Accomplished Rake; or, Modern Fine Gentleman,* in which she anatomizes four male types—the coxcomb, the fool, the knave, and the man of sense. With ingenuity she interweaves a main tale and four subplots. Seductions, dreams, death by poison, a revenge rape in a brothel, and libidinous abductions insure that there is never a dull moment.

Compared with these tortuous she-novels, Arthur Blackamore's *Luck at Last; or, The Happy Unfortunate* deserves its author's claim that it is "innocent in self, modest in its expression, interspersed with good morality, and directed to the promotion of goodness." It is less complicated—but such a description merely means that it is not so crammed with episodes and sensational events. Blackamore manages to liven it with a variety of motifs—the runaway bride, the lost child, a Cinderella story of virtue rewarded, and a forced marriage of youth and age—with emphasis on the benevolence of ale-keepers and village beldames.

McBurney's choice of *The Jamaica Lady; or, The Life of Bavia* among the four novels is justified chiefly because it anticipates Smollett's treatment of nautical types. But so many intrigues and narratives are intertwined that the hodgepodge becomes tedious, though never insipid.

All of these writers indulge in tradi-

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tional themes and fictional clichés. W. P., for example, presents the unfaithful husband, the long-suffering wife, the lustful sea captain, the inevitable harem, the equally inevitable cuckoldry; there is even a tale in Irish dialect. Most of these features are translations into popular fiction of episodes and types common in the Restoration and eighteenth-century theatre. The result cannot be classed as great or even as good literature. It is historically significant because it makes the transition from seventeenth-century fiction to Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett.

The miracle is that these jumbled novels make entertaining reading: for the most part they are ill-constructed; characterization is amateurish, dialogue stiff and infrequent. What redeems them is unsophisticated charm, zest for rapid narration, and, above all, an appetite for life in all its variety.

Marranos in Newport: A work of literary craftsmanship rather than art, *Strange Wives* (Crown, $4.95) seems to me a juvenile—its appearance suggests as much—for readers, say, twelve to sixteen. This does not mean that adults won't enjoy it. I did. As a recreation of history it is very well done.

The novel tells a story of intermarriages, that is, marriages between Jews and non-Jews. The place is Newport, Rhode Island, scene of the first colonial synagogue. The time: some few years before, during, and after the American Revolution.

Part of the pleasure one finds in *Strange Wives* is following where the author's references lead. In the course of Shirley Barker's narrative one learns, for instance, that she takes her title from the Book of Ezra. So you reread Ezra. Ezra, the Scribe, lived in the fifth century BC. Jews returning at that time from captivity in Babylon were in a sad state of spiritual disrepair. It was Ezra who called them back to Biblical teachings, exhorted them to keep the Sabbath, pay Temple dues, and "separate . . . from strange wives." In Babylon Jewish husbands had adopted the customs of their gentile wives. The children of the captivity listened to Ezra and did what he asked.

Somewhat different solutions are reached in *Strange Wives*. Reuben Bravo, the protagonist, is the son of Portuguese Marranos, Jews who in the Old World were forced to convert to Catholicism but who, at risk of their lives, secretly adhered to Judaism. Like the actual Lopez and Rivera families, Portuguese Jews who came to Newport in the 1750s, the Bravos are in shipping and whale-oil candle manufacturing. Reuben's mother plans marriage between him and Riva Gold, a beautiful, cultivated, wealthy Jewess whom she imports from the colony of New York. But no. Reuben prefers the pale, yellow-haired, almost painfully good Jenny Tupper, his mother's servant and the daughter of a bigoted ex-student of theology. Reuben and Jenny marry in the teeth of all manner of opposition. After surviving the difficulties of greatly differing backgrounds, and the troubles of the times, they are at the end of the book launched into living happily ever after—with Jenny, of course, a mother in Israel.

Meanwhile Riva Gold, on her visit to Newport, meets a New England lad with whom she elopes. That intermarriage predictably fails. The young man, strange husband, returns to his farm, sadder if not much wiser. Riva goes off, to wander among her people and help the poor.

If the fictional characters are somewhat stereotyped, their conversations weighted with long explanations, the historical ones are wholly believable. Especially pleasing is another Ezra—Ezra Stiles, scholar, Congregational minister, president of Yale, and warm friend of Newport Jews. For the most part, however, it is the liveliness of her subject that gives life to Shirley Barker's novel. A well-chosen subject will sometimes overcome all.

—Walter Teller.

Scrutable East: The nugget of wisdom from the Upanishads that gives the title to *The Greater Darkness* (Farrar, Straus, $4.95), a first novel by David Rubin, holds that while ignorance is bad, an overcommitment to knowledge is worse. Delight in knowledge rather than effort to free oneself of desire and to reach Brahma (God or the essence of the universe) leads into greater darkness. The publisher says in his blurb that those who are able to love can see the truth and that the truth is dangerous. However, the point made by the sage in the Upanishad is that love of anything but Brahma is the road to ruin.

This would make a suitable theme for a novel about India, but it is not the theme of this one. Although set in India and filled with accurate details of the life of the Westernized upper crust of society in a city such as Allahabad, the book is really about the shallow, unhappy lives of an American couple and an Anglo-Indian girl, together with their friends and relations. The girl's grandmother, a *grande dame* with a kink or two left in her strong, self-confident nature, observes that their world of Westernized Indians and European hangers-on isn't the real one, that they have no idea how insignificant they are.

This is true and it is one of the troubles with this book, whose characters spend so much time talking about the other world, the real India. Another trouble is that two of the three principal characters are exceedingly unattractive.

The protagonist, an American sociologist named Bill Ames, is a very serious young man who coldly analyzes everyone's behavior. When asked on arrival if he has studied India, he replies, "Thoroughly," then makes an unfortunate remark about primitive societies. He is awkwardly referred to throughout the novel by his last name, as if even David Ruben doesn't like him well enough for first-name familiarity.

As in many other stories with an Indian setting, the minor characters here are well done. Caricatures are fun to write and to read when the raw material is so good. The author's descriptions of the beauty of the Taj Mahal and the horror of a stampede and mass drowning at a holy festival are gripping, and his considerable knowledge of Indian music is put to good use.

—William Clifford.

"Because it's there? Surely, *we* must have a better reason."

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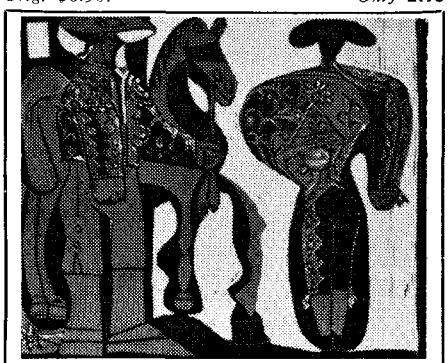

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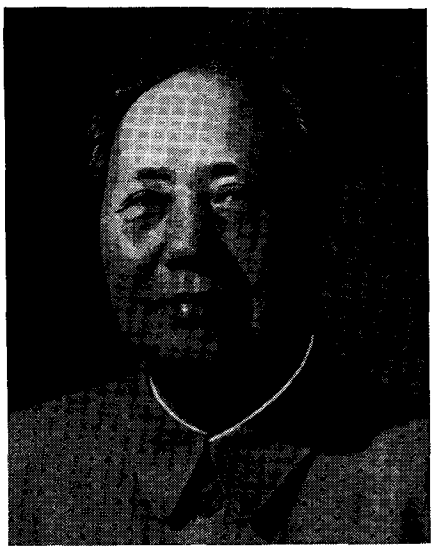
Destiny Sealed in a Rice Field

Mao Tse-tung: Emperor of the Blue Ants, *by George Paloczi-Horvath (Doubleday. 393 pp. $5.75), traces the political development of China's Communist leader from his childhood days to his present difficult times with the men in the Kremlin. Frederick Nossal is the author of "Dateline—Peking."*

By FREDERICK NOSSAL



—*Sovfoto.*

Mao—rebel since childhood.

PERHAPS the most important factors in molding Mao Tse-tung's character were his early disgust with the poverty of his Hunanese village and the constant struggle there for survival. From the age of five, George Paloczi-Horvath tells us, Mao was in rebellion against his harsh, uncouth father, whom he helped to gather firewood and carry manure into the fields. Barefoot the year round, the little boy learned to plant rice long before he could read or write. At Changsha Normal School, where he was a brilliant student leader, his favorite professor, Yang Chan-chi, taught him meditation and deep-breathing exercises. Urged by the teacher to take cold baths regardless of season and to go without breakfast, Mao gave up his supper, too. Each morning he would climb a hill with an empty stomach, then shout into the wind to train his voice or sit silently and think about the future.

In 1921 he attended the Chinese Communist Party's inaugural meeting in Shanghai. Subsequently, as a Red chieftain with his own army and government, Mao faced great hardships when he was hunted by the forces of Chiang Kai-shek during the Twenties and Thirties. In the course of the epic Long March he and his men were chased, attacked, and encircled by hundreds of thousands of Kuomingtang troops. They also had to fight the armies of ten warlords in twelve Chinese provinces. The distance they traveled, mostly on foot, during the year of the Long March was as far as from Mexico to Alaska. And of the 100,000 men who began the trek with Mao's main column, 80,000 had died by the time the march ended in northern Shensi, near the Great Wall.

Once Paloczi-Horvath leaves behind Mao's adventurous climb to the top of the Chinese political ladder, and reaches the current decade of his reign in Peking, the biography rapidly deteriorates, becoming a hodgepodge of carelessly jumbled facts, opinions, and propaganda, both Communist and Western. The last five chapters are of little importance.

Nevertheless, anyone who attempts a biography of Mao must be courageous, for the dictator, who will turn seventy this year, has packed more drama into his life than any other great national leader in power. Mao is a far more colorful and fantastic and frightening figure than, say, de Gaulle, and he is incomparably more intelligent than was Hitler. Despite his tragic overestimation in recent years of Chinese natural and human resources, and his colossal blunders in national planning, Mao nevertheless ensured his greatness by unifying China, a feat no other leader had achieved since last century.

To appreciate the intricacies of a biography of him, one must remember that he is modern China's Lincoln, an Asian Lenin, a leader whose name will remain imprinted on Chinese history for centuries to come. The principal weakness of this book is the author's obvious inability to perceive the nature of the man.

Mr. Paloczi-Horvath, a Hungarian, spent some years in Communist prisons and has an understandable aversion for Mao's sermons about the joys of global Communism. Because of this his book loses the objectivity so vital in any biography. For example, experts are still hotly debating whether the ill-fated Hundred Flowers movement of 1957 was a genuine attempt by Peking to liberalize the regime or a Communist trap. Mr. Paloczi-Horvath states bluntly that Mao wished to trick thousands of hidden or potential enemies into the open but then found that he himself was "the most hated man in the country." Those who have witnessed the great public ovations invariably given Mao must dismiss such generalizations as sheer nonsense.

From the extensive bibliography it appears that the author became confused, once his narrative moved into the Fifties, by the diversity of material available today on China and Mao. And again Paloczi-Horvath may be excused. Before they attained power, the Chinese Communist leaders were readily accessible to Western reporters and writers. But once Mao reached the walls of the old Imperial City it was as if he had locked the door from the inside to all foreign contact. Today he is the world's most isolated dictator. Save for the few accounts published by people who have lived in Red China, or who have visited there for lengthy periods, most of the material on the country is propaganda, published under the auspices of either Peking or Washington. Factual, objective reports on Mao's activities during the past few years do not exist.

Mr. Paloczi-Horvath concludes with a message—a challenge, in fact—to the West to adopt a more sensible attitude toward China. Further Western and Soviet isolation of an already isolated China, he writes, can hardly improve matters. Mao's policies may in time moderate, but this chance "is very slight indeed if the Soviet Union and the United States go on punishing the Chinese people for Mao's policies . . . To withhold not only material aid but also normal trade relations certainly might lead to famines on a colossal scale but not to a normalization of Mao's thinking. On the other hand, if China could be part of the comity of nations and could find a place in world trade, that certainly could lead to a gradual normalization of Chinese political and economic development."

This summation alone compensates for some of the more obvious lacks in this book.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. humDRum. 2. unDRess. 3. janDRum. 4. caDRe. 5. beDRock. 6. AnDRocles. 7. rainDRop. 8. rhododenDRon. 9. sunDRy. 10. manDRake. 11. shaD Roe. 12. beDRidden. 13. CassanDRa. 14. dehyDRate. 15. palinDRome.

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A Giant's Will, a Deadly Legacy

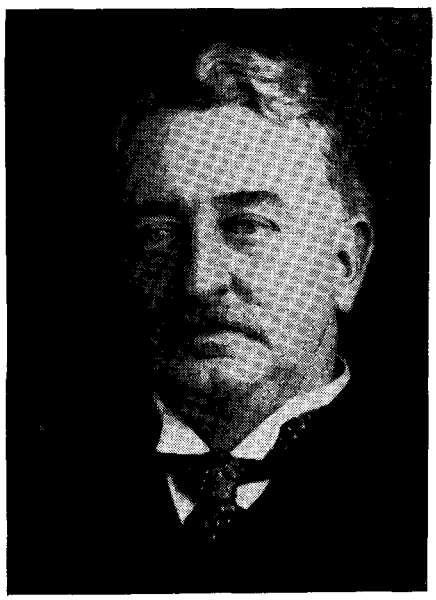
Cecil Rhodes: The Colossus of Southern Africa, *by J. G. Lockhart and C. M. Woodhouse (Macmillan. 525 pp. $12.50), covers the surface career but not the personal and historical drama of the British champion of white supremacy. J. H. Plumb, of Christ's College, Cambridge, is author of "Men and Places," to be published here next month.*

By J. H. PLUMB

THIS is a sad book: sad because of its subject, sadder still for biographical opportunities lost. Written with extreme caution and no imagination, the authors entirely miss the enormity of Cecil Rhodes's life. His megalomania, his cruelty, his prejudices, and his [illegible]sexuality are all neatly hidden beneath the smooth, apologetic prose; yet there was no need, for Rhodes's weaknesses were on a titanic scale, and so were his achievements, which look so transitory today.

Those achievements have rotted away. What folly it now seems to have dreamt of painting Africa red from top to toe, of creating a *Herrenvolk* of white Anglo-Saxon Protestants (Germans and North Americans, of course, included); what terrible retribution may be in store for the descendants of the settlers whom Rhodes lured into the land that bears his name. He strengthened all that was worst and greediest in colonization, and helped to forge the alliance between high capital and Boer principles that has created the most prosperous and the most tyrannical state in Africa. Yet, detestable as were his ideas and attitudes, Rhodes compels a reluctant admiration. He blazoned his name across nineteenth-century Africa as did no other white man.

Born on the fringes of the prosperous middle class, Rhodes was driven to Africa through ill health. A reckless brother drew him to the diamond [illegible]mble at Kimberley. There his in[illegible]le will found its first fulfilment. [illegible]ook preposterous risks, but found success against all odds. He enjoyed the exercise of his will as some men enjoy their lusts—his appetite grew with his performance. He broke his competitors, piled mine on mine, and finally



—*Culver.*

Cecil Rhodes—"a fatuous theory of race."

secured a monopoly in diamonds and a huge holding in gold. By the age of forty, he had probably made more money than anyone who had ever lived. It brought neither happiness nor satisfaction—only the hunger for more power, a need to interpret and master Destiny.

WHILE he had been creating his fortune, he had returned again and again to Oxford until at last he acquired his pass degree. In a muddled way he was searching for the meaning of his life. What he found in the end confirmed his early beliefs, childishly expressed in his first will, where he left his fortune to found a secret society whose aim was the Anglo-Saxon domination of the world. All his wealth, all his influence, all his time were to be dedicated to that end. His part in this dream was to secure Central Africa for Britain, and for that purpose he entered first South African and then Imperial politics. His methods were barely legal and frequently brutal. He always welcomed and frequently provoked wars against primitive peoples of Africa. Yet he succeeded, and created Rhodesia, even though he left behind a legacy of distrust and injustice.

In Rhodes the will of a giant was combined with a crude jingoism and a fatuous theory of race. His longing for a noble-limbed, blue-eyed, flaxen-haired race of philosophic legislators sprang from his own twisted but unacknowledged sexual longings. These had brought about the loneliness in which he lived, and perhaps too they were responsible for the angry, violent will to succeed; what was denied in love sought satisfaction in power.

So complex a man, so dramatic a story need a biographer and historian of the highest quality; the authors of this book are not equal to their task. Rhodes is approached with too much piety and too little insight, and his baleful influence on Africa is quietly ignored.

Symbol for Cubans: "The life of José Martí was an odyssey, a wandering in exile, a life fraught with perennial anguish in its dedication to free Cuba from Spain," writes Richard Butler Gray in *José Martí: Cuban Patriot* (Univ. of Florida Press, $7). Martí—a nineteenth-century writer, scholar, and patriot—is the great Cuban national hero; this is just as true under Fidel Castro as it was under previous leaders.

A professor of government at Florida State University, Dr. Gray has written a book that is both biography and analysis. The biographical details are sufficient but gratifyingly brief; the major portion of the study is devoted to an analysis of Martí's thinking and his impact upon his contemporaries, as well as a broad look at the role of Martí as a symbol for Cubans.

It is in this section—dealing with Martí's role today—that Dr. Gray is at his best. In Martí, he suggests, Cubans have a symbol of hope for something better than they have had in their first sixty-odd years of independence. "Martí never lost faith in the Cuban people," he writes, "nor the hope that they would some day enjoy an honest, efficient, and humanitarian government." While Cuba under the Batistas and under the Castros has never lived up to the high goals of morality sought by Martí, Dr. Gray is certainly correct in asserting that "Cubans are benefiting from his example, even if the evidence of it is obscure."

Whether Martí would have had any sympathy for Castro or whether he would have fought the new dictator is an oft-debated question. Dr. Gray holds that on balance Martí would have been dissatisfied with Castro, particularly for the methods that Castro uses in carrying out the Revolution. He quotes a former close associate of Castro, Teresa Casuso, on this point: " 'That Fidel was by his nature a man of war, and Martí a man of peace, was a fundamental contradiction which time has brought into sharp relief. . . .' "

—JAMES NELSON GOODSELL.

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SR's Check List Of Current Books

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AFRICAN MUD SCULPTURE. By Ulli Beier. Cambridge Univ. Press. $4.95.

WORLD OF COLOR: An Introduction to the Theory and Use of Color in Art. By Martin Koblo. McGraw-Hill. $7.50.

Current Affairs

BUILDING THE ATLANTIC WORLD. By Robert Strausz-Hupé and others. Harper & Row. $6.

CUBA: Tragedy in Our Hemisphere. By Maurice Zeitlin and Robert Scheer. Grove. Paperback. 95¢.

DOCUMENTS ON AMERICAN FOREIGN RELATIONS. Edited by Richard P. Stebbins. Council on Foreign Relations—Harper & Row. $7.50.

POWER AND THE PURSUIT OF PEACE. By F. H. Hinsley. Cambridge Univ. Press. $6.95.

THE PROPAGANDA GAP. By Walter Joyce. Harper & Row. $3.95.

SOCIALISM AND WAR. By Edward Kardelj. McGraw-Hill. $4.50.

STRATEGY FOR SURVIVAL. By Thomas L. Martin, Jr., and Donald C. Latham. Univ. of Arizona Press. $6.

THE UNITED STATES AND ISRAEL. By Nadav Safran. Harvard Univ. Press. $5.95.

Fiction

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EXPLOSION IN A CATHEDRAL. By Alejo Carpentier. Translated by John Sturrock. Little, Brown. $5.75.

GOOD NEIGHBOR SAM. By Jack Finney. Simon & Schuster. $3.95.

THE LAST CAPRICE. By Robert S. Menchin. Simon & Schuster. $2.95.

A MAN SURVIVES. By Vladimir Maximov. Translated by Anselm Hollo. Grove. $2.95.

THE NEW LIFE: A Day on a Collective Farm. By Fyodor Abramov. Translated by George Reavey. Grove. Paperback, 50¢. (*SR*, July 6.)

History

FORD: Decline and Rebirth. 1933-1962. By Allan Nevins and Frank E. Hill. Scribners. $8.95.

THE OPENING OF SOUTH LEBANON, 1788-1840: A Study of the Impact of the West on the Middle East. By William R. Polk. Harvard Univ. Press. $6.25.

TIMBER AND MEN: The Weyerhaeuser Story. By Ralph W. Hidy, Frank Ernest Hill, and Allan Nevins. Macmillan. $12.

Literary Criticism

THE GREAT TRADITION. By F. R. Leavis. New York Univ. Press. Hardbound, $5. Paperback, $1.95.

PRAISERS OF FOLLY: Erasmus, Rabelais, Shakespeare. By Walter Kaiser. Harvard Univ. Press. $7.75.

Miscellany

BORN UNDER SATURN: The Character and Conduct of Artists; A Documented History from Antiquity to the French Revolution. By Rudolph and Margot Wittkower. Random House. $7.50.

THE CLEOPATRA PAPERS. By Jack Brodsky and Nat Weiss. Simon & Schuster. $3.95.

E.P. TO L.U.: Nine Letters Written to Louis Untermeyer by Ezra Pound. Edited by J. Albert Robbins. Indiana Univ. Press. $3.

THE SCIENCE OF LIFE: A Picture History of Biology. By Gordan Rattray Taylor. McGraw-Hill. $9.95.

THE WORLD OF FLYING SAUCERS: A Scientific Examination of a Major Myth of the Space Age. By Donald H. Menzel and Lyle G. Boyd. Doubleday. $4.50.

Mysteries

HERE LIES . . . By Doris Miles Disney. Doubleday. $3.50.

RUNNING SAND. By Jonathan Wade. Random House. $3.95.

THE THIRD ENCOUNTER. By Sara Woods. Harper & Row. $3.50.

WHICH THE JUSTICE, WHICH THE THIEF. By William Harrington. Bobbs-Merrill. $4.50.

Personal History

AGAINST WIND AND TIME: A Biography of William Lloyd Garrison. By Walter McIntosh Merrill. By Harvard Univ. Press. $8.75.

Religion, Philosophy

INSTRUCTIONS FOR PRACTICAL LIVING and Other Neo-Confucian Writings by Wang Yang Ming. Edited by Wing-tsit Chan. Columbia Univ. Press. $7.50.

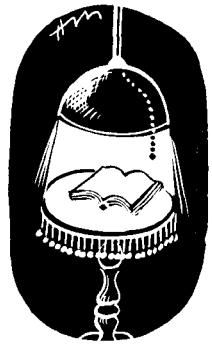
THE NARROW PASS: Kierkegaard's Concept of Man. By George Price. McGraw-Hill. $5.50.

SERMONS ON QUESTIONS CHILDREN ASK. By Arthur W. Mielke, D.D. Crowell. $3.95.

Sociology

BABYLON IS EVERYWHERE: The City as Man's Fate. By Wolf Schneider. McGraw-Hill. $7.95.

—Compiled by RUTH BROWN.



Political Theory

Continued from page 21

policy postpones the ill-fated da[illegible] risky encounter with the Russians. For others, the emphasis on the imperative of strength reduces the risk that a political and military détente would lead to a sweeping relaxation of effort and will on the part of the democracies. A third group, who believe in strength based on limited liability, can reconcile any bedside conversion from isolationism with the relatively modest military build-up required (Dr. Bell compares the target of twenty-five to thirty NATO divisions with France's 100 divisions at the onset of World War II). Business as usual is seen as wholly compatible with minimum preparedness. A committee of American economists had found that expenditures on national security could reach $75 billion a year (at the 1956 level of national production), compared to the figure of $50 billion attained, before the United States would suffer any appreciable economic strain. European countries whose defense budgets had exceeded 40 per cent of gross national product in wartime were spending 3 to 9 per cent in peacetime.

DR. BELL believes that 195[illegible] early 1953 were the nearest ap[illegible] to a position of strength for the West. They were also years of intense political agitation, especially in the United States. Only Winston S. Churchill warned: "It would be a mistake to assume that nothing could be settled with Soviet Russia unless or until everything is settled." Incidentally, Dr. Bell believes that chances for a negotiated settlement were at least as favorable with Stalin the pragmatist as with Khrushchev the universalist. Her principal target is John Foster Dulles, who, Dr. Bell charges, had an "affinity for 'absolute solutions': large unsubtle answers to complex problems." But other Western statesmen fare only slightly better, and the brunt of the author's attack falls upon an overall approach that she considers to be unsound.

The thesis of *Negotiation from Strength* is controversial. It is in its own way large and unsubtle. The author has a case to make, and she marshals her evidence as a general his forces. More judicious historians will cavil at her dogmatism; those who carry the heavy burdens of office may find her unsympathetic and sometimes unfair. The alternatives to policies [illegible] nosed and criticized are often v[illegible] and unclear. Yet, by raising issues and posing alternatives, Coral Bell has struck a blow for inquiry and debate in a sphere where free discussion is too often curtailed.

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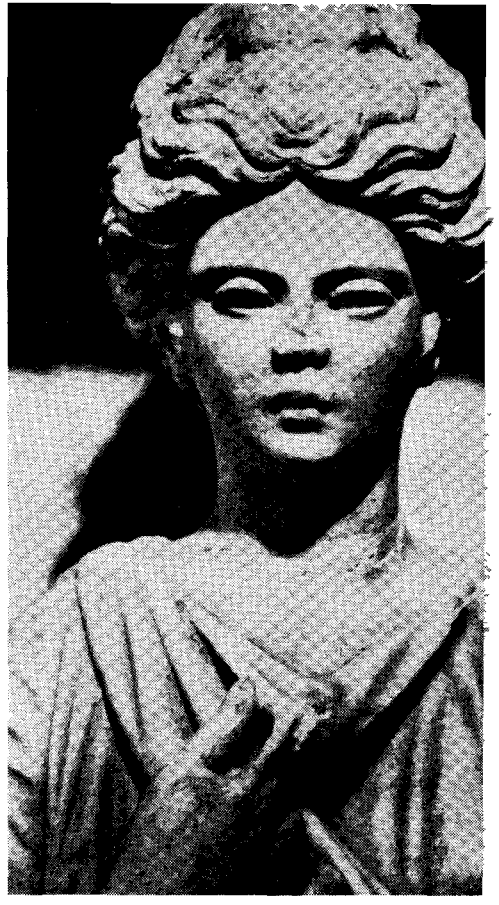
The Balkans in Brief. 6—With Ovid in Constanza

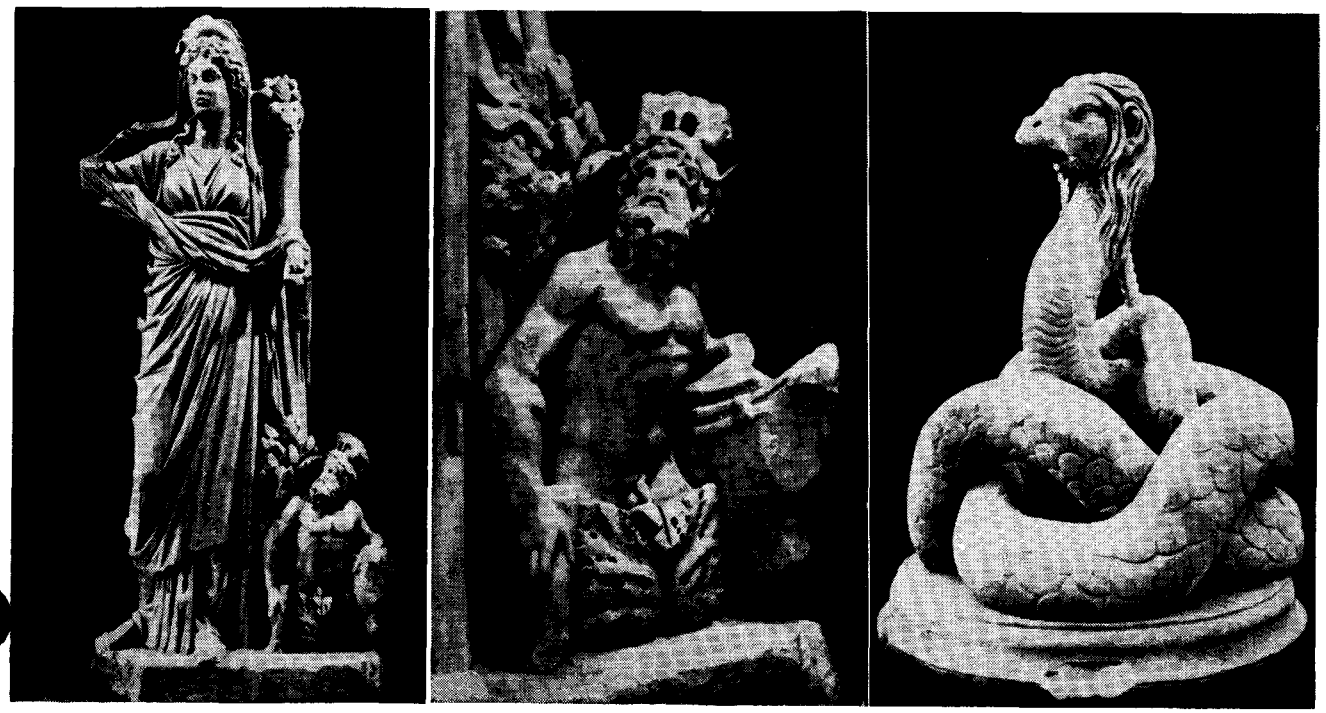
THE DRIVE eastward from Bucharest toward the Black Sea is pleasant, if not exactly dazzling, and about all I remember of it was the small adventure of crossing the Danube and a fleeting interlude when we passed a throng of collective workers who were tearing down a hill. In their bright red peasant dresses and their blue work clothes the collectivists looked like a thousand ants dressed for a party. They raised a great shout when I stopped to photograph them, and I shall never know whether it was a show of greeting, anger, embarrassment, or frustration. My Rumanian guides who were making the eastward trip with us made no particular move to interfere with my intent, but they were eager to have me photograph not merely the spectacular scene on the hillside, but the view on the opposite side of the road as well. There lay a vineyard, flat, orderly, and beginning to grow vines. The peasants on the hill were working as human bulldozers, and in Rumania, where horse-drawn covered farm wagons are a familiar sight, the available collectivist battalions outnumber motorized earth movers.

Having run the south rim of Rumania all along the border of Bulgaria, the Danube twists northward in one final spasm before heading east again to spill into the Black Sea. We crossed it shortly after it had begun its northern turning. The means were primitive. Small cars were taken aboard barges pushed by tugs. Sometimes the tugs churned from shore to shore with a barge lashed to either gunwale. While we waited for this makeshift ferry a bus arrived and disgorged a troupe of traveling Indonesians, a gay and chattering band in colorful *batik* shirts and slacks, most of them students in Prague. Although they had studied for several years in Czechoslovakia, and, indeed, had come into early maturity during Sukarno's anti-colonialist anti-Western reign, they were eager to be friendly with us. The Rumanians, their co-Socialists, hung back, but the conversations with the Americans was spirited and full of fun, and it lasted until the tug whistle blew and it was time to cross the muddy river.

Once on the far side, the land flattens out into the apron that surrounds the Delta, and one sees, now and then, a stray Lipoveni, one of the bearded cult of Russian religionists who still wear their long beards, their tall brown fur hats and still nurse their abhorrence for tobacco. They are so fanatical about its use that they will frequently white-



TREASURES OF TOMI—Excavations in Constanza, the old city of Tomi, have in the last few years produced the serene beauty of Nemesis, above. Pontus and Fortuna, lower left, represent the Goddess of Fortune and the King of the Black Sea, the figure of Pontus in detail, center. Serpent with lamb's head and woman's hair, below, is believed to be a sea deity.



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wash their fisherman's shacks after an unthinking guest has had a smoke.

The first signpost of Constanza nowadays is the string of hotel towers that mark Mamaia, that force-fed Rumanian Riveria just to the north (*SR*, July 20). But long before man ever dreamed of life in a glass and concrete tower, Constanza was a famed port on the Black Sea. It had been called Tomi, a Greek colony that flourished between the seventh and the first century B.C. Ships arrived from Greece carrying wine and oil, weapons and clothing. They left with honey and corn, cattle and slaves. For Tomi the Roman period was even more important, and under Rome's influence the town was strengthened, walled, and decorated. Despite its importance and its traditional polyglot citizenry, Tomi was in the Roman outback. Trajan picked it as an Elba for Ovid, banishing him here in the 8th century for reasons that no historian seems to make quite clear. The museum in Constanza shows his weary route from Rome down to Brindisi then through the Corinth Canal to Samothrace and up the Black Sea Coast to Callatis, now the popular Socialist resort of Mangalia, to Tomi.

Ovid's songs and poems were popular while he was still in Rome, but besides his love poems and mythological pieces, he was to write a whole series of works in exile, most of which described his sorrow and his supplications for reinstatement. Ovid may not have been pleased with Tomi, or Constanza, as Constantine later called it in honor of his sister, but the city is warmly proud of him. An island in the middle of Lake Siutghiol is named for Ovid for it is said that he came here to meditate. And on Ovidius Square there stands a statue of him, produced by sculptor Ettore Ferrari, whose works included "The Death of Lincoln." In a strange way, perhaps, Ovidius Square reflects the changing civilizations that have washed ashore here at Constanza. Ovid's effigy is said to be planted above the place where his bones are buried. Behind him soars a mosque to serve the Moslem community, and an advertising sign to assure the populace that the government department store is the place to go for dresses in all seasons. Well, where else? His back is turned to the town hall, now known as the headquarters of the People's Council.

The explosions of war and the upheaval of rebuilding have made it apparent that modern Constanza may very well cover a giant archeological treasure house of its days as Tomi. A walk down the Strada Ovidius lea[illegible] the excavation of the old port, c[illegible]ered only when shovels began t[illegible] the foundations of a new apartment house in 1959. Stone and brick walls once covered with marble remain. A giant mosaic, nearly intact, is an indication of the city's importance to its westerly rulers. Four terraces led gradually to the sea's edge. The third was edged with shops. Eleven of them have been discovered, where under the vaulted ceilings merchants sold cooking oils, cereals, spices, and perfume to tradesmen from eastern Europe. "Ermeos," lettered above the entrance of one store, is still legible.

The socialist flacks are eager to display the new railroad station, but perhaps more important than the people's architecture are the finds produced when the old depot was torn down. Among the rare discoveries uncovered between 1960 and 1962 are Fortuna and Pontos, the crowned king of the Black Sea looking up at the full marble figure of the Goddess of Fortune. They were sculpted in Tomi in the second century from marble imported, probably from Rome. Oddest of all is a curling serpent with the head of a sheep and the long hair of a w[illegible] believed to be some deity of the[illegible] These pieces are magnificently displayed, pin-spotted against black velvet in the museum at Constanza, along with a 1960 find, a wild bull with a sun dial on its head and the arms and torso of a woman.

The site of the major discoveries is now a pleasant park decorated with giant vases, also recently excavated. The market place nearby is a bustle of many types who have washed up on these shores--Turkish faces and bearded Jews, Moslems and bearded Lipoveni, keeping tiny, private stalls. The masses of bright red radishes that some artistic hand fashioned into a scarlet fountain seemed more like a Gallic touch that one might have expected to find in the late night hours while prowling through Les Halles.

But after allowing me a look at the rurality of the marketplace, my mentors felt it only fair that I see the new railroad station, and also, along the shore, the new lighthouse—an incredible piece, really--a tall, fragile twist of concrete and blue plastic flashing the beacon light of Constanza to ships ploughing south from Odessa and [illegible] Crimea, and those sailing north[illegible] from Greece and the Dardanelles [illegible] the Bosphorus and Istanbul. I drove along the sandy shoreline of Rumania, which stretches for 150 miles in both directions, to Eforie Nord, where young King Michael had his villa, a modern

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His back turned to the People's Council building, and to the sign advertising dresses, above his head, Ovid takes a contemplative pose in Ovidius Square, Constanza. Tower in rear is a mosque.

house with terraces jutting out into sea, all of it now a restaurant, as were eager to tell me, for the people. Other private villas of the bourgeoisie are now, similarly, the property of the state, and are used for the new elite. The old casino is still there, but there is no play, and it stands a relic, like the ornate one along the shore at Constanza, like faded matrons all dressed up in yesterday's clothes with no place to go today. At times, with the sea rolling in along the flat sands, the sun glistening on the old villas far down along the shores, there were certain hints of the bygone splendor of Atlantic City. I went on to Mangalia, once called Callatis, renowned in the past for its sultry Oriental overtones. Even after the war some Turks who lived there kept camels. The back sections of the town are still threaded with dirt roads, but along the sea front rise the glass walls and concrete terraces of the new Rumanian riviera.

I drove back to Constanza, and that night we went down into the cave of the hotel where the walls are panelled with pine and the waitresses are gotten up peasant style and fetch liters of wine. Then the gypsies played and an old Rumanian with a fearsome mustache stood up in his baggy white pants and bright colored vest and played chilling trills up and down the scale of a magnificent curved panpipe. The next day we drove back to Bucharest, stopping along the way at a musty shop in a tiny town to buy fur hats that will be worn by our friends next winter in New York where they will be thought to be enormously chic. The collectivists were gone from their dusty hill, but we did pass a farmer dressed in a skirt of leaves and a girl's mask, a costume worn to induce bountiful rains. The atheistic society may not believe in God, but no one said anything about superstitions. The next day we were at the airport, making our departure in a mad exit, scurrying across the runway to the plane at a dogtrot and almost running athwart a military brass band out to greet some arriving commissar. There was only time for a swift goodbye, and without either side thinking about it we embraced the Rumanians who had been our guides, and they us, and then we were up the ladder and into the plane, the motors roaring, drowning out the conversation so that one was alone with the perplexing emotions that suffused us all. —HORACE SUTTON.

Fortuna, Goddess of Fortune, in detail, a recent Constanza discovery.

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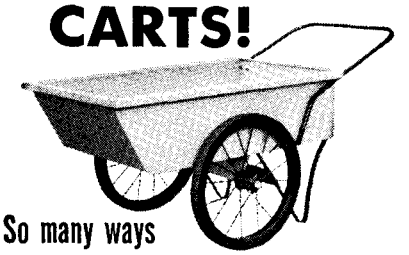

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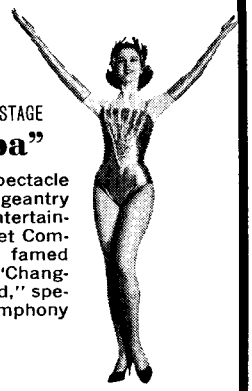

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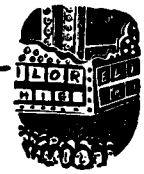

Vanitas Vanitatum

A REMARKABLE new book, *The Cleopatra Papers* (Simon & Schuster. $3.95), is made up of an assortment of letters, cables, and reconstructions of transatlantic telephone calls between Nathan Weiss, a former publicity manager for 20th Century-Fox, and Jack Brodsky, his assistant publicity manager. The two were close friends as well as work partners. When panicky executives of the film corporation complained about what they thought was a slow flow of publicity concerning the bedeviled production of *Cleopatra*, Brodsky was hurried to Rome to jack things up. Suddenly he found himself in the midst of a scandal that newspapers seemed to regard as being as important as World War II (and possibly III), and he was far busier attempting to control publicity than obtaining it.

Brodsky and Weiss were correspondents of long standing, and they kept each other informed about what was *really* going on in Rome and New York, this in addition to the usual publicity reports, which were more often than not eyewash for the red-ink-reddened eyes of the top executives—who now worried that the kind of publicity they were getting would kill *Cleopatra*. Weiss has a habit of saving correspondence from friends, and making copies of his own. Without knowing it, perhaps, he possesses a literary style of some distinction; Brodsky, less a writer, makes up for it with his sardonic wit. Luckily for us, both were a little too sensitive for their jobs. Their shock, amazement, humor, and sadness that came out in what they saw are revealed in an intimate record—certainly one of the best of all books about the "inside" of show business.

The most acid critics seldom equal what publicity men will privately say about movies that they are called upon to push, but the main charm—if you can call it that—of *The Cleopatra Papers* results from its uncalculated view of a real-life drama far more fascinating than that which turned up on the screen. They knew their own positions to be those of relative flunkies in the corporate scheme, yet they could not help but wonder at times if they couldn't have handled things better. My own notion is that they certainly could have.

When the then president of the company, Spyros Skouras, came to Rome to view several sections of the nearly completed picture, he asked Weiss—who had, by this time, changed places with Brodsky—to punch him if he fell asleep. Weiss punched him ten times in all, compassionately explaining that Skouras had not slept the night before. On the seventh punch, "he roused out of sleep," Weiss wrote Brodsky, "and cried out with meaningless gibberish as one does when roused in mid-sleep at night." Weiss noted that the future of the company was at stake on what was happening in Rome.

A good many publicity men have frustrated creative instincts of their own, and several sensitive souls have been racked by the agony of attempting to sell commerce as art. Weiss found himself privately siding with The Mank (Joseph L. Mankiewicz) and W. W. (Walter Wanger), who were on the creative front lines, so to speak. He was less keen about the foul-mouthed stars, although he admired the beauty of one and the ability of another. Both Brodsky and Weiss watched with a certain amount of scorn the frantic efforts of executives scrabbling for position behind the top Skouras. Weiss grew sick at heart when the cigar-chomping men flew to Rome to try to put The Mank in his place. He thought he saw a brilliant, beautiful picture that Mankiewicz was trying to put together. But at the end, with the last scene shot, he felt that the end of a Hollywood era had at last been reached.

Irony of ironies—the public is now buying tickets to *Cleopatra* in droves, and that Hollywood era may not yet be over. Nevertheless, *The Cleopatra Papers* remains an authentic chronicle of the madnesses that pass as sanity in the corporate film world. Hollywood apologists have been saying for years that "it is not like that," that we blind and prejudice observers have it all wrong, that we see megalomania and massive egotism where it doesn't exist. Well, Brodsky and Weiss have shattered *that* image.

What about the proprieties involved in putting out this kind of book? Both Brodsky and Weiss have left the firm, taking only their private papers with them. Legality seems to be on their side, and they do not lack for employment as the result of what may seem disloyalty to their trade. They have been moved by that age-old urge to tell the truth, and, I, for one, wouldn't have wanted to miss their book for all the barges on the Nile.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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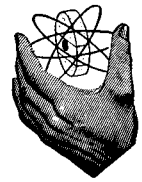

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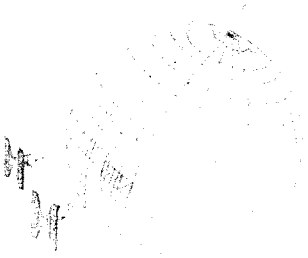

—U.S. Weather Bureau.

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

CHANGING THE GUARD ON WEATHER

MAN has been standing watch against the wind and the rain for thousands of generations. In the beginning, he could recognize only dim and cloudy shapes wearing two contradictory faces—one calm and gentle, the other grimacing in fury. Later he discovered that these fitful creatures were tethered in a spherical [illegible] of gas enclosing the earth, and [illegible]there continuously jostled by the earth's own turning and lashed by the light of the sun. In this burbling confinement, this atmosphere of the planet, seethes so enormous a mass of gas that if each of the globe's inhabitants were assigned observation of an equal parcel, the individual share of responsibility would encompass 2,500,000 tons of air.

Few people are prepared to cope with such an ephemeral task. So it has been the custom of modern societies to pay skilled guards to warn the populace of approach of ravaging storms or searing drought. The largest of these protective troops today is at the service of the citizens of the United States. Here the behavior of the atmosphere is under surveillance from 317 stations of the U.S. Weather Bureau, 200 military stations which report their information to the Bureau, 3,500 part-time Weather Bureau stations, 1,000,000 volunteer observers of tornadoes, 9,400 volunteer observers of the rise and fall of rivers, 2,000 ships at sea, 2,000 stations in foreign lands, 178 stations from which soundings are made of conditions of the upper air over land and sea by means of instrument-carrying balloons report[illegible]y radio, 101 radar stations that [illegible]tantly sweep the sky for signs of unexpected trouble in the clouds, two dozen robots located so remotely that their observations must be broadcast on atomic power, and a series of earth satellites named Tiros which skim the outer fringe of the atmosphere to photograph the cloudtops.

For the first time in a quarter century, this foremost weather guard unit is about to acquire a new chief. The National Academy of Sciences has recommended a panel of nominees, and as these words are written the name of Dr. Robert M. White, president of the Travelers Research Center, Inc., insurance weather forecasting group at Hartford, Conn., is reported to be on President John F. Kennedy's desk for approval. Coincident with, or perhaps before, the appointment's formal disclosure it also will be announced that Dr. Herbert Hollomon, Assistant Secretary of Commerce for Science and Technology, will chair the inter-agency committee on atmospheric science within the Federal Council for Science and Technology at the White House.

THE chief of the U.S. Weather Bureau is responsible to the U.S. Secretary of Commerce through Assistant Secretary Hollomon. It is significant, therefore, that both Dr. Hollomon and Dr. White are specialists in systems analysis, the youthful science of operations research. For when the projected Nimbus satellites go aloft in the next year or so to circle the poles (two successive passes are illustrated on the cover of this issue of SR and in the masthead photo on this page) the entire atmosphere will be open to observation day and night for the first time, and it will be necessary to make a multitude of decisions, each of which will affect all the others. As was pointed out in SR/Research for Mar. 4, 1961, knowledge of the whole atmosphere will face the peoples of the earth with a new and more intense degree of responsibility for each other than has ever confronted them before.

Consider the situation on the little island of Mauritius, east of Madagascar in the Indian Ocean, on October 5, 1962. Not a cloud was visible in the sky that day. But U.S. Weather Bureau men in Suitland, Md., who were studying pictures telemetered from the Tiros satellite, could see a hurricane approaching Mauritius. They cabled the information to the island's weather chief, Edwin G. Davy, who put out a hurricane warning. The appearance of the sky was so utterly innocent that Davy's young son burst into his mother's afternoon bridge party crying, "Mommy, do you think Daddy has lost his mind?" The hurricane struck, as the men in Maryland said it would. The people of Mauritius expressed their gratitude for Davy's faith in science by paying his airplane fare around the world to allow him to attend a conference on modern meteorology in Mexico.

Possibilities for such episodes will be commonplace after global observation of the cloudtops is established. Once the information is available, popular opinion will exert overwhelming pressure to use it. Given their humanitarian heritage, the American people will be eager to respond. But adequate response will mean a new kind of limited international government. In the UN's weather agency, the World Meteorological Organization, are now represented 125 different atmospheric observation systems, each with its own set of devices. How are these to be fitted together into a single network that can put the TV camera eyes of the coming Nimbus at the service of everyone everywhere?

This is a major question for Drs. White and Hollomon to solve. Within it many lesser problems nest. How much dependence is to be placed on the weather satellites, how much on sensors that ride aloft on balloons, how much on radar? Is the air over the emptiness of the Pacific Ocean to be sampled as often as is the air over the densely populated countries such as the United States? How much money should be spent on gathering addi-

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tional information, how much on elaborating the analysis of data already available, how much on speeding communication of the forecasts the information makes possible?

Large as these questions are, a still larger question towers behind and above them: How far out from earth must the makings of weather be sampled? It is now known that the planet lies within the atmosphere of the sun. Must we ultimately reach across the 93,000,000 miles to the sun's face to tell when to expect the wind and the rain out here?

Clues are to be found in the past, as always. During the last quarter century, more has been learned about the weather than was learned for centuries previously. Not all of it is appreciated by laymen, for the person who is about to retire as the U.S. Weather Bureau chief is one of the most modest men alive.

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor

PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—LXXXVIII

GENTLEMAN OF THE GUARD

Francis Wilton Reichelderfer

"OF COURSE you can read it in the textbooks—and you do read it in the textbooks—but until you have *actually been* a particle of air, you don't really understand how local and very transitory is the behavior of the atmosphere."

Now if there was ever a person who did not look as though he could readily be a particle of air, that man was the speaker, Dr. Francis Wilton Reichelderfer, chief of the U.S. Weather Bureau for the last twenty-five years. The great bare dome of his head, the breadth of his shoulders, the squareness of his torso, the resolute steps of his walk belong to a German university professor or perhaps to a naval commander. But they do not in any manner suggest a being who might take off vertically without at once coming down again with a memorable crash. I assumed, therefore, that the chief weatherman must be speaking figuratively.

The four hours of conversation that followed changed my mind. I had been quite wrong in my appraisal of this man. He indeed had floated about the sky exactly as air particles do. He had done so many times—rising with the warm currents, falling with the cool, being jolted by the lightning. Out of the experience had come an attitude toward the atmosphere that has led this country along more new avenues of thought than most Americans realize.

It was a wish to fly that provoked Francis Reichelderfer to study the weather in the first place. The wish was epidemic among American boys when he was growing up. Those were the days the two Wright brothers immortalized at Kitty Hawk. The Wrights were from Ohio. Francis Reichelderfer was born in Indiana on August 6, 1895, son of a Methodist clergyman who ministered to his denomination's share of the 1,000 souls in Harlan, a farming village between Ft. Wayne and the Ohio state line. Like all the boys around him, "Reich" dreamed of flying. Only dreams were permissible; as a clergyman's son, he had to think of practical ways to earn a living.

There were more promising jobs in chemistry then than in any other occupation. So young "Reich" concentrated on chemistry in high school and later at Northwestern University. There were tuition debts to pay when he got out of Northwestern with a B.A. degree. To free himself of them, he went to work for the Calumet Baking Powder Company.

THE year was 1917. "Reich" hadn't yet been drafted for the war in Europe. Getting into the war was one sure way to fly. Or so "Reich" thought until he and a fraternity brother, Robert Meany, began looking into the possibilities of enlisting. The U.S. Air Force did not then exist. There were only small aviation units in the Army and the Navy, and so many boys had gone into the Army that most of them were digging trenches in Louisiana. Meany was working for the Wrigley Chewing Gum Company in Chicago, where his boss, Phil Wrigley, had joined the Navy on a tip. The tip was that if you wanted to fly and would enlist in the Navy for meteorological work, you would at once be taken overseas and allowed to fly.

Acting on Wrigley's tip, "Reich" enlisted in the U.S. Naval Reserve Flying Corps in May 1918. After a ninety day wonder course in meteorology at Harvard's Blue Hill Observatory, he was ready to be shipped to England. [redacted] he gone, he undoubtedly would have flown immediately and got his big wish out of his system. But by the time the Navy reached his name on the assignment list, there already had been sent to England a boy named Keyser and another boy named Rukeyser. After taking them, the British looked at Reichelderfer's name and asked, "Haven't you anything but Germans to send us?"

Rather than shipping to England, "Reich" went instead to the U.S. Naval Air Station at North Sydney, Nova Scotia, to forecast weather for the anti-submarine patrols then guarding convoys crossing the North Atlantic from Halifax. This unexpected move affected all the rest of Reichelderfer's life, for he still lacked his pilot's wings when the Armistice was declared. To get those precious symbols of excitement, he transferred from Nova Scotia to the Naval Air Station at Hampton Roads, Va., and there became involved in the greatest single advance in weather forecasting that has occurred in modern times.

Early in the war, Europe had been cut off from weather advice it normally received from ships at sea. Norway's fishing fleet, one of the mainstays of the national economy, was seriously crippled by storms as a consequence. Many lives were lost, and much property damaged. At Bergen, a tough knot of theorists centered around Jack Bjerknes began examining the clouds and deducing from their behavior what must be happening aloft to account for weather being encountered on the ground. By applying equations of motion, a theory of mass movement was developed, leading to a new system of weather forecasting.

According to the theory, a mass of cold air would wedge its way under a warm air mass; or, conversely, a mass of warm air would ride up over a cold air mass. Either way, a struggle for possession of a particular region of the atmosphere would ensue. Bjerknes was reminded of the surging of fighting men in the famous Hindenburg line of the warfront, and in his research reports he described the contending air masses as "cold fronts" and "warm fronts." His new forecasting system thus became known as "frontal analysis."

WITHIN a few years after "frontal analysis" appeared on the horizon, "Reich" was trying it out at Hampton Roads. He was one of the first Americans to risk his reputation on the new idea. His colleagues' first reaction was

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that "frontal analysis" of European weather might be possible, but it would [illegible]er work with American weather.

"Reich" still didn't own pilot's wings when the Calumet Baking Company beckoned him back to his old job in the midwest in 1919. The wings meant more than money. To get them, he went to flight school at Miami and Pensacola. He was hardly into the training course when instructions came to rush him through and return him to Hampton Roads for a special assignment.

The first flying boats were about to attempt an Atlantic crossing. "Reich" was to go to Lisbon to forecast weather for them. Four of the craft were due to takeoff from the Rockaways on Long Island in May 1919. One of the four, the NC 2, had motor trouble and never left Long Island. Two others, the NC 1 and NC 3, came down in mid-ocean after a stop at Newfoundland and were rescued by ships at sea. The NC 4 completed the crossing and gave Francis Reichelderfer one more handhold on history.

AT St. Louis, Mo., in September of that same year, "Reich" had his first experience as an air particle. As pilot-meteorologist of one of three Navy balloons that raced three Army balloons [illegible]oss the countryside, he rode the winds in an open basket from just above the treetop level to an altitude of 18,000 feet.

"It wasn't at all the same as flying in an airplane," he explained during our recent conversation. "A plane is separate and apart from the atmosphere. The air supports a plane in flight, and planes rise and fall with strong air currents, but the plane does not belong to the air in anything like the intimate sense that a lighter-than-air craft belongs. Balloons, blimps and dirigibles actually move as an air particle moves, and passengers in them thus become air particles, too."

Being an air particle was fun, but serious research work was mixed up in it. Practically nothing was then known about the behavior of the upper air from actual observation. Although shrewd deductions had been made by men like Norway's Bjerknes from measurements taken at ground level, these remained to be checked against realities aloft. Some U. S. Weather Bureau stations had flown boxkites since the 1890s; by flying the kites in [illegible]ndem, scraps of information had been [illegible]ained about conditions up to 6-7-8,000 feet. Crude instruments called meteorgraphs had been flown under small balloons, but the balloons had to be recovered in order to read the findings. Since the real test of skill in racing a manned balloon was the pilot's ability to hunt out winds at different altitudes that would carry him farthest from his starting point, balloon racers inevitably accumulated valuable data on the trajectories of air currents at different heights and different times of day and night.

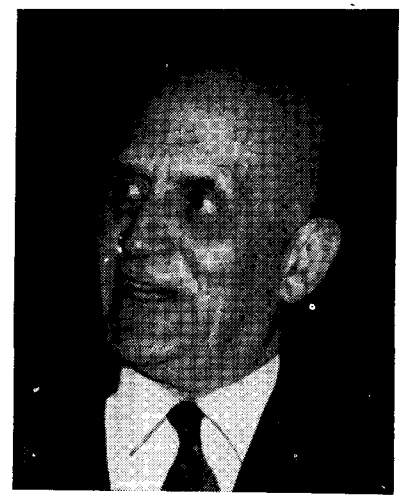
Under ordinary conditions, meteorologists like "Reich" who served as co-pilots in the two-man balloon crews would take a set of observations every hour: temperature, humidity, air pressure (which was also a measure of altitude), windspeed, presence or absence of clouds, types of clouds, density of clouds. When the balloons were rising or falling, the instruments might be consulted at five minutes intervals.

On occasion the density of the gas in the balloon would drop, the balloon fabric would crinkle, and the motion of the air would rattle the crinkles with a noise that was terrifying in the dead quiet of the sky. Wooded areas were hazardous to cross because hunters who had bagged no game that day would work off their frustration by shooting at any sizeable target overhead. By far the worst of ballooning dangers, however, were the thunderstorms, as "Reich" discovered during the international Gordon Bennett races at Brussels in 1923. Five American balloonists were plunged to death by lightning strokes, and the balloon in which "Reich" was riding made a rough landing in a turnip patch by the Zuider Zee after losing its way in the clouds.

BY that time, U. S. Naval Reserve Flying Corps Ensign Francis Reichelderfer had become a full Lieutenant in the regular U. S. Navy and had been placed in charge of the Navy's new Section of Aerology. Sir Napier Shaw, the noted British student of the atmosphere, had suggested *aerology* as a better word than *meteorology*, and Lieutenant Reichelderfer had put the suggestion into practice. The cover word had no genuine significance, however; the fact was that Lieut. Reichelderfer was chief of weather research for the U. S. Navy and as such had authority to act in response to the tragedy at Brussels.

There was no way to insulate balloons adequately against the effects of lightning. All that could be done was to avoid the lightning. That called for knowledge of where lightning was striking. One man in England—the since knighted Robert Watson-Watt — had been working on a lightning finder, so "Reich" went to see and talk with him. A series of Navy experiments with Watson-Watt's research device followed along the Atlantic Coast of the United States, but there was simply too much lightning to keep track of accurately.

The only real solution to the problem of tracking storms, any kind of storms, lay in learning more about the behavior of the atmosphere. The infinite idio-



—*U.S. Weather Bureau.*

Francis W. Reichelderfer

syncracies of heat and motion that "Reich" had observed in balloons had to be traced to their source in methodical fashion. As a chemist, he leaned in any case toward quantitative measurement. Chemists took frequent samples of batches of the mixtures they worked with. Earth's atmosphere was an enormous mixture, hence had to be sampled at a multitude of places. Not only the two dimensions of the surface of the globe had to be accounted for; there was that troublesome third dimension—altitude.

To know the variance of conditions at different levels above the planet's surface was an especially important requirement of the "frontal analysis" forecasting system introduced by Bjerknes. If the slope of the boundary between a warm air mass and a cold air mass could be determined, the amount of rain in an approaching storm could be estimated. A steep slope brought showers; an easy gradient brought only cloudy skies. By taking temperature readings at thousand-foot intervals, the slope could be calculated quickly.

Kites had been used for such readings, as was noticed here before. Balloons had been used, too. To these, "Reich" in 1925 added a more flexible instrument: the manned airplane. Under his direction, Navy pilots flew from the Anacostia station on the first weather observation missions in heavier-than-air craft history.

A means was now available for sampling the atmosphere as high and as far as an airplane could fly. Who

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would analyze these samples? Meteorology in the United States was still principally an empirical occupation. If advances were to be made, young men had to be prepared to deal with an interplay of scientific theory and experiment. Who would prepare them?

Young Carl Rossby, a student of Bjerknes, had come to this country on an American-Scandinavian Foundation Fellowship. "Reich" persuaded the Guggenheim family to finance a continuance of the visitor's stay until a professional course in modern meteorology could be established at a leading university. Remembering the start of his own career with the pre-war course at Harvard, the Navy weather research chief appealed to Harvard. After Harvard declined the responsibility, "Reich" turned to Massachusetts Institute of Technology. There, in the year 1926, Rossby began passing on to bright young Americans the revolutionary Scandinavian conception of atmospheric behavior.

Having quietly but irreparably shifted the direction of weather research throughout the civilized world, U. S. Navy Lieut. Francis Reichelderfer returned to the life of an air particle. This time he floated out of Lakehurst, N.J., the naval research station for lighter-than-air craft, home of the dirigibles *Akron* and *Macon*. As executive officer at Lakehurst, beginning in 1928, he renewed the efforts he had begun at Hampton Roads a decade before to put Bjerknes "frontal analysis" system of weather forecasting to work. The best predictions he could arrive at were never as good as those Rossby was making at MIT. Why should there be a difference when the methods were the same? "Reich" went straight to Bergen, to Bjerknes himself, to find out. After studying with Bjerknes half a year, he came back home with enough detail to write a forecasting manual for use by naval personnel. The handbook was copied at the U. S. Weather Bureau and circulated there with no visible effect.

The time was now propitious for "Reich" to disappear from the weather world momentarily. He did this conveniently by going to sea for two years on the battleship *Oklahoma*. He returned to port with the rank of Lieutenant Commander.

In 1935, he was again at Lakehurst, taking night flights in blimps, a particle of air in a new role: target for radar pioneers of the U. S. Signal Corps at Monmouth, N.J. Later, radar would become a remarkably versatile instrument for predicting tornadoes, hurricanes, thunderstorms and ordinary rainfall. In the mid-1930s, however, it seemed hardly more than a toy, holding no attraction remotely comparable to the excitement of the great German zeppelin, *Hindenburg*.

"Reich" rode the *Hindenburg* from Lakehurst to Frankfort to Rio de Janiero to Frankfort to Lakehurst in 1936. The zeppelin fought contrary trade winds all the way from Rio to Frankfort, and was almost out of gas when the European land mass was sighted. France wouldn't permit a German landing in those post-Versailles days. A North Sea detour was out of the question for lack of fuel. The *Hindenburg's* captain decided to cross Gibraltar and enter Germany through Switzerland and the valley of the Rhone. In the pilot's cabin over Gibraltar, "Reich" saw the crew stiffen. Then he heard a dull boom. Below, guns in the fort at Cueta were firing at a submarine offshore. From an altitude of 4,000 feet, he had witnessed the first shot of the Spanish Civil War.

In 1937, at Lakehurst, while packing his clothes at home for another trip on the *Hindenburg*, "Reich" heard another dull boom. The *Hindenburg* had exploded.

Two more years at sea followed, as qualification for naval Commander's rank. "Reich" served on the aircraft carrier *Lexington* and the gunnery battleship *Utah*. Aboard the latter in 1938, he received a private radiogram from the late Dr. Robert Millikan of the University of California: "When you are next in port, will you please stop in?" When "Reich" stopped in, Millikan asked him if he would accept appointment as chief of the U. S. Weather Bureau.

AT the time "Reich" took the oath of office at the Weather Bureau on December 15, 1938, the weight of weather's economic effect rested mainly on farmers. The Bureau, therefore, was part of the Department of Agriculture. Agriculture Secretary Henry A. Wallace, destined to become Vice President of the United States under the late President Franklin D. Roosevelt, swore in the new weather chief, who within a few months received a demand to make rain for the parched fields of Kansas. Someone had suggested that if airplane pilots would drop electrified sand into the clouds, the drought would be ended.

From readings taken by balloon-borne instruments that reported by radio while aloft (these radiosondes had begun operating in 1936 in delayed response to his "frontal analysis" handbook of 1931), "Reich" knew that the upper air over the Great Plains had no moisture to discharge. But the farmers insisted that clouds were up there every day and that scientists ought to be smart enough to wring water out of them.

Only one reasonable answer to the clamoring occurred to "Reich." That was to multiply samplings of the atmosphere in search of clues to rain making. With the radiosondes, this could be done with relative ease. Once the samples were in hand, however, who would fit them into meaningful patterns? Human mathematicians working with calculating machines could predict the weather from temperature readings alone. L. F. Richardson had demonstrated that much in England as long ago as 1914-15. Unfortunately, by the time Richardson finished his calculations the predicted conditions were no longer expectable; they had come and gone.

"Reich" had heard that the U.S. Coast and Geodetic survey used a calculating machine to forecast ocean tides years in advance. Perhaps this device could expose new truths about the atmosphere. He spent half a day studying the machine and listening to explanations of its performance. No secret was made of the fact that the tide forecaster went wrong every so often. "How do you dispose of the miscalculations?" he asked. "Oh," replied his hosts, "we blame them on the weather."

Rossby had been extremely busy at MIT in the dozen years since naval Lieutenant Reichelderfer had encouraged him to teach there. Among other things, the brilliant Scandinavian had developed fundamental equations descriptive of the general circulation of the atmosphere. A group of his students, headed by the late Harry Wexler, had moved into the Weather Bureau with these equations before civilian Reichelderfer became the Bureau chief. Adopting that group as a nucleus for numerical forecasting research, "Reich" surrounded it with such prestigious advisors as the late mathematical genius John von Neumann, Jules Charney, Horace Byers, Steve Lichtblau and John Mauchly, the University of Pennsylvania professor who invented the first electronic computer, Univac. Next Rossby himself was enticed from MIT to serve as "Reich's" deputy in charge of all Weather Bureau science.

AN unwary outsider who makes the rounds of those points which originate the loudest talk about atmospheric science today will almost certainly end the circuit persuaded that Francis W. Reichelderfer is a reactionary [illegible] thinker possessed of an inordinate determination to avoid the challenges of the future. From the complaints of his critics, it can only be supposed that his motto must be: "It can't be done."

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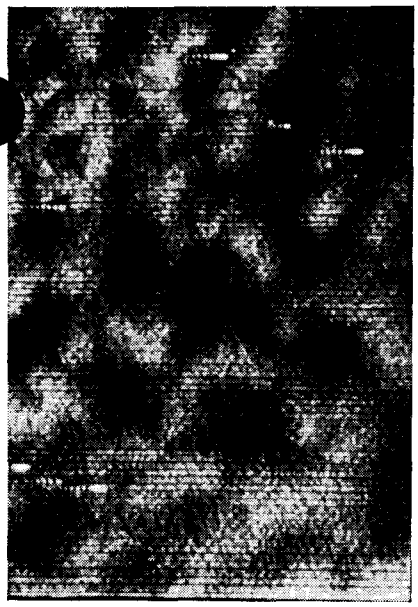

—U. S. Weather Bureau.

WHAT DOES THE CELLULAR pattern in this photograph mean? U. S. weathermen are trying to deduce the answer by matching the pattern against observations of atmospheric conditions near the point on the earth's surface above which the cells were seen. The picture was taken by a Tiros satellite over a region where the usual temperature situation was reversed. Instead of growing cooler with increasing altitude, the air warmed steadily from 3,000 to 9,000 feet. Apparently, the air was turning over in the cells. One of the probable surface results would be smog.

The truth is that under the Reichelderfer regime, the Weather Bureau has maintained a highly competent research community against the competitive pull of far more flashy and plushy government agencies, notably the Federal Aviation Agency and the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. Such a militantly independent individual as Dr. S. Fred Singer, for example, is clearly not directing Weather Bureau satellite research because his imagination is being stifled. Dr. Jerome Namais, foremost long range weather forecaster in the world, is not with the Weather Bureau because his horizon is limited. Dr. Joseph Smagorinsky does not operate the largest existing weather data computing facility for the Weather Bureau because he is tied to the past. Dr. Lester Machta, who probably knows more about radioisotope tracking of air currents than any other living man, is not on the Weather Bureau staff because the challenges of a new scientific frontier are closed to him.

Weather Bureau Chief Reichelderfer is behind the times in one sense. He is a gentleman. He entered science at a time when scientists were proud to be gentlemen. There was, in the old university environment, a scholarly ideal that talent would speak for itself and be recognized for itself. "Reich" tried to apply that ideal to Weather Bureau research. He turned over entire responsibility for the Bureau's laboratories first to Rossby and then to Wexler. Only the men who were there really understood and appreciated this. To outsiders, Reichelderfer was to blame for everything that didn't happen as fast as the uninitiated thought it should happen. It was he who wouldn't fight for more money when he didn't honestly think more money would solve the problem. It was he who wouldn't hold onto projects when holding on meant promising Congressmen things he felt confident science couldn't deliver on the designated timetable. Such behavior, unfortunately, is now considered anachronistic.

Given the actual circumstances, what ought to be remarked on is the number of innovations that the Weather Bureau has produced in the last quarter century. Merely to maintain protection for farmers while shouldering the task of protecting air travelers was an enormous accomplishment, especially after responsibility for operations shifted in 1940 from the Department of Agriculture to the Department of Commerce. The political cross-currents involved would have uprooted any genuinely vulnerable Bureau chief years ago. The Reichelderfer regime not only survived but held a steady focus on forecasting devices that would stimulate research into atmospheric behavior.

In 1940, upper air sounding balloons were launched from ships at sea. In 1941, a national weather analysis center was opened. In 1946, a hunt began for signs of birth of thunderstorms. In 1947, the first of a chain of radar cloud watchers was installed at Wichita. In 1948, machine processing of climatological data began. In 1952, tornado forecasting was inaugurated. In 1954, a start was made on numerical weather prediction, which since has been extended to include the gathering of 18 million bits of information into a single weather map. In 1956, hurricane hunting was established.

IN 1960, the whole future perspective of atmospheric science was changed for the second time in Francis Reichelderfer's career by something he was responsible for. An earth satellite called *Tiros I* was rocketed into orbit roughly 400 miles above the planet. Everyone looked upon it as a "far out" experiment. There were hopes, but only hopes, that TV cameras aboard the satellite would be able to distinguish dim images of the clouds. The photographs which *Tiros I* actually radioed to the Weather Bureau were astonishingly sharp and clear. They revealed cloud patterns that could readily be identified and associated with particular storms.

Tiros II, III, IV, V, VI and VII have orbited since then, and have made distinct contributions to improved forecasting of storms approaching from the sea. On one occasion, analysis of a peculiar cloud formation produced a key that forecasters never had before: a precursor to a tornado. Unique cloud signatures of other weather disturbances are now being sought by a half dozen meteorological research groups under Weather Bureau contract. In time, the identification techniques will be standardized to the point where local forecasters can rely on satellite information as much as they now depend on barometer and thermometer.

Tiros would be a triumph in any language. By any of the other conventional yardsticks, Weather Bureau research has grown prodigiously. Between 1938 and 1963, the budget rose from $4.7 million to $116 million. The number of people on the payroll went up from 1,650 to 6,630. Observations of the atmosphere pushed out into space from distances measured in thousands of feet to distances measured in hundreds of miles. But although there is now more reason than ever before to look for the sun's immediate effects on weather, not one dependable direct link has yet been discovered between the upper and the lower air. If man-made rain is any nearer than it was twenty-five years ago, the evidence is not on the official record. The great delinquency of Francis Wilton Reichelderfer, then, is that he cannot do anything more to change the weather than anyone else can.

Control of the weather may never be possible. "Reich" simply doesn't know. But he is sure that the only way to find out is to extract more information from the atmosphere. At the present time, he estimates, men know only five per cent of what they will have to know about atmospheric behavior before they can reasonably expect to forecast natural rainfall accurately—let alone cause rain to fall on demand. Being a gardener and a fisherman (avocations his wife Beatrice enthusiastically shares), he is obviously a patient man. He intends to employ that patience after his retirement in October to put pictures from earth satellites at the practical disposal of foreign lands, where weather now wreaks disastrous effects on property and life. That at least will improve the human condition, and may in the process create rain-making gods.—J. L. ►►

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THE RESEARCH FRONTIER

—George A. Helm in Weatherwise

Outward toward the sun in search of secrets of the earth. How far out? At this point no one can say. The energy of the sun's light undoubtedly supplies the heat that moves the atmosphere. But no direct linkages have yet been found between the lower air, where weather occurs, and the outer reaches. More and more of meteorology's attention is therefore being concentrated higher in the sky. Notice is being paid to events that might have passed unnoted before. Early in 1963, a cloud was seen over the southwestern United States at an altitude beyond the regions where clouds usually are seen. If present theories of the atmosphere are correct, clouds cannot exist there. What, then, was the mysterious ring which many scientists photographed? Below is a report from one of the men who saw it.

J. E. McDONALD
University of Arizona

AT sunset on February 28, 1963 observers scattered over an area of nearly two hundred thousand square miles in the southwestern United States witnessed a strikingly beautiful cloud display. After three months of effort to determine just what it was that caught their eyes, I am still not sure myself.

Many persons at first thought it just a large contrail [condensation of jet plane exhaust at high altitude] as I did when first viewing it from Tucson. But the clue to its extremely great height came quickly as the setting sun's rays left darkening high cirrus clouds far to the west (!), while the ring still shone with a beautiful luminescent silvery cast. From quick computations based on the sunset geometry (the ring went dark at about 6:50 P.M. Mountain Standard Time), I estimated its altitude at over thirty kilometers [eighteen miles], and immediately put out an appeal through press and radio for observers' reports. In all, some 200 reports were ultimately received; and subsequent press appeals for photos has led to a total of eighty-five photos from thirty-five different localities for photogrammetry use.

It is now known that the ring lay at an altitude of forty-three kilometers [almost twenty-seven miles] above sea level (to within a present uncertainty of only about one kilometer), which is far higher than the twenty-to-thirty kilometer range of Arctic nacreous clouds. It was nearly overhead at Flagstaff, Arizona, at about 6:40 P.M. MST, and many excellent photos showing the cloud's unprecedented variety of internal wave structures have been received from persons in that area. Its north-south extent was over fifty miles, and its east-west width was around thirty miles. Like a huge doughnut, its center was open.

Although, to most observers in Arizona, its color appeared silvery white in the twilight sky, most observers in New Mexico reported iridescence. It was seen in Arizona, Colorado, New Mexico, and even northern Mexico (Juarez, about 380 miles from the southern tip of the cloud-ring). In one report after another, I read the observer's emphatic remarks to the effect that, in a lifetime of cloud-watching, he had never before seen a cloud as beautiful as this one.

What was it? I'm still trying to answer that. It was far above the upper limit of contrail formation. No X-15 flights were made that day, and it lay well above my thermodynamically estimated upper limit of twenty-seven kilometers for the maximum altitude at which the ammonia and liquid oxygen rocket motors of an X-15 could form contrails. No Nevada [atomic] Test Site activity occurred that day, and nothing else turned up from inquiries at a number of other southwest defense bases. However, a brief press account of the intentional destruction of a rocket over Vandenberg Air Force Base in California that day led to inquiries that are still continuing at this writing.

The Thor booster of a military satellite-launch was detonated at forty-four kilometers [twenty-six miles] at 1:52 P.M. Pacific Standard Time almost directly over Vandenberg AFB. To account for a drift of 510 miles to Flagstaff in time to have lowered the jaws of Flagstaffians looking straight up at 6:40 MST, calls for a mean drift speed of 135 miles per hour. Inquiries at the White Sands and the Pt. Mugu Missile ranges have yielded meteorological rocket winds for times about a half-day before and after the detonation event. The rocket winds are generally a bit too low to fit well; however, the Pt. Mugu 140,000-ft wi[nd] the following morning were 127 mph from the west. [My] own photogrammetrically estimated cloud-drift speeds fal[l] below ninety-five mph when the cloud was over northern Arizona. I am hoping that phototheodolite films from the Pacific Missile Range may finally fill the gap.

The cloud lay right at the base of the "region of exclusion" for water drops and ice particles in that layer (about forty-two to sixty-five kilometers, on the average), where temperatures are so warm that saturation vapor pressures exceed ambient pressures. If this was, in fact, the aftermath of the Thor explosion, persistence of a circulation and of condensate for nearly four hours of downwind drift will be of considerable meteorological interest. If it was not due to the explosion, then the mystery will be back where it started at sunset on 28 February.

* * *

After writing the paragraphs above for original publication in *Weatherwise*, an American Meteorological Society journal, Dr. McDonald added some explanatory notes by telephone to SR. The "region of exclusion" referred to is a region where the atmosphere is kept warm by ultraviolet light energy captured in the layer of ozone (three-atomed oxygen) which exists at that altitude. Because of the heat, water theoretically can stay there only in the form of vapor —not in water drops or ice crystals which make up clouds.

On the other hand, if the ring formed from other liquids than water in the debris of an exploded rocket, what kind of a cloud was it? It would have had to drift across the sky for three hours and forty-eight minutes. Ordinary clouds ho[ld] together only about twenty minutes; even very active th[un]derclouds live no more than an hour.

As though the ring alone were not enough of a puzzle, it is now established that a second cloud, shaped more like a pear than a ring, formed and dissipated near the ring cloud while the ring remained undisturbed.

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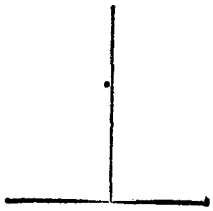
IT ISN'T THE HEAT; IT'S MIDSUMMER SCIENCE

A University of London Physics Professor Offers a Short Course in Optical Deception

IT is a commonplace to find geometrical optical illusions in books written to amuse the young and help them while away the hours. Indeed few scientists, other perhaps than some experimental psychologists, have even deigned to consider such illusions as being of any real significance to science. That this is so is revealed by the literature—or rather by its absence, the bibliography on the subject is [illegible]able for its very paucity. However, I have in the past years been tricked on several occasions in the laboratory and fooled into making faulty judgments through the operation of precisely the kinds of optical illusion which most of us are apt to regard as mere parlor tricks and illustrations. I have as a result considered it prudent to devote some attention to the subject largely as a matter of self-protection, for once the existence of a specific type of illusion has been recognized one is much less likely to be fooled on meeting it, or near variants of it, on succeeding occasions.

Let it be noted at the very outset that all the illusions which are described here only lead to errors in judgment and assessment when there is failure to employ a measuring instrument. The key point lies in the words "judgment" and "assessment." The unexpected errors to which attention will be drawn do not arise *if we measure.*

From what follows it will quickly become evident that the errors under consideration arise essentially through a combination of an actual defect in [illegible]servation together with a faulty psy[illegible]logical interpretation. An attempt [illegible] be made at a classification of the various illusions and some light will be thrown (it is hoped) on the optical and mental mechanisms involved in creating the different situations.

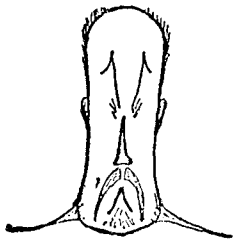


The figure above illustrates in a simple way an illusion long known. Here are drawn two lines of identical length, one vertical, the other horizontal and bisected by the vertical line. Now almost without exception every observer *assesses* the vertical line as being the longer. A ruler will show that this is not the case, but without a ruler the illusion is very real.

Below is a simple "inversion" of this illusion which permits us to secure some numerical measure of the extent to which we are being fooled.

In this counterpart, the vertical line has been drawn to *look* equal to the horizontal line, which is indeed the same size in both figures. It is only necessary to match the two figures to see that the *estimate* of the vertical line in the lower figure is a good deal less than the true value (which is of course the vertical line in the upper figure). It is naturally clear that different individuals will make different drawings for their estimates, for we shall not all be fooled to the same extent. In my case the misjudgment is surprisingly large; I make the formidable error of twenty-seven per cent.

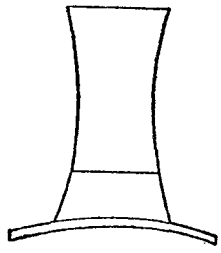
This illusion is largely due to the fact that the horizontal line has been cut in half, which makes it appear shorter than it is. It has been claimed that the illusion of the upper figure is in part physiological, being associated with the differential strength of vertical and horizontal eye muscles. It has also been remarked that woodcutters underestimate the length of a felled tree, but not of a standing tree. Be this as it may, and ignoring all simple or recondite explanations, the fact remains that we are fooled by this geometrical arrangement into making a false estimate of a length.



To emphasize this simple geometrical optical defect I have designed the amusing illusion above. I call it the "portrait illusion."

Here is a portrait of a worthy Victorian gentleman complete with well-defined side-whiskers. Now it is a fact, although rejected by all who have seen the drawing, that the *width* of the portrait is equal to the *height*. If this portrait is to fill a canvas completely, that canvas must be *exactly square*. A ruler will convince the unbeliever that the width across the sidewhiskers is *equal* to the height of the whole head, from chin to dome.

Now serious as this misjudgment may be, it is still more acute if we look at the gentleman's hat separately, as we do, on a larger scale, in the next figure. It is a fact, although considered incredible by all, that the width of this hat (across the brim of course) equals the height.



Now why do we underestimate the width both of the portrait and of the hat? Surely for two reasons. First the illusion of figure one is operating: the lower line is bisected and

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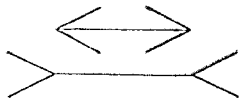
we thus underestimate its value. Second, the whiskers of the portrait and the brim of the hat act in a sense as weak wings to an otherwise substantial object. Our eyes are carried to the main object and we tend to ignore the weak wings.

LEST it be thought that this illusion is a mere parlor trick, attention is hereby drawn to the fact that this very illusion is responsible for a consistent failure in observation made by even the expert spectroscopist. It is extraordinarily difficult to make a reliably sound estimate of the width of the photographic image of a line in a spectroscope. A true instrumental recording of the width of such a line (which has weak outer wings) is invariably a good deal more than the estimated value assessed without instrumentation. The visually estimated value of the width is always too small. Here we have simply the failure to take fully into account the weak wings. Precisely the same error is being made as with our portrait and hat. It need only be recalled that a determination of the width of spectral lines plays an important part in many investigations. To take but one example, it was the way by which the temperature was evaluated in the ZETA experiments with nuclear fusion.

We come now to the consideration of an important class of geometrical optical illusions all of which are based upon a mechanism which I shall call "convergence-divergence." The simplest form of this illusion has been known for certainly more than a century, yet despite the fact that its influence is surprisingly widespread, its repercussions have certainly failed to be appreciated.

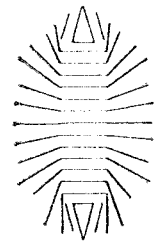


In this figure the horizontal lines both have identical lengths, yet that with the converging arrowhead certainly looks appreciably shorter than that with the diverging arrowhead. The explanation is obvious. In the one case the arrowheads draw the eye inwards, in the other case outwards. So the one line appears to shorten, the other to lengthen, and the combined supporting effect of these two creates the final illusion that the one line is appreciably longer than the other.

An amusing variant of this illusion can be inferred from the next pattern. The illusion has a very real bearing on the misfortune of the broad fat lady who forlornly ties in her waist as tightly as she can.

With this drawing, which has been submitted to many, all agree that it is impossible to accept the fact that the "waist" is exactly half the width of the "shoulders." In the figure it certainly looks almost two-thirds of the shoulder width. The cause of the illusion is evident in terms of the convergence-divergence mechanism. The divergence acts in pulling *out* the waist and the convergence acts in pulling *in* the shoulders. The combined action makes the waist appear too big, so that, despite valiant efforts, the lady with the very broad waist seems to have a still broader waist than she actually has according to the tape measure.

Another amusing new illusion which I have designed is also based upon a simple exploitation of the convergence-divergence mechanism. We see what purports to be a multi-legged animalcule (the legs are drawn in heavy lines, with intention of course). It will surely be agreed that the "body," i.e. that part with the horizontal bars across it, is indeed somewhat slightly barrel-shaped. The effect is not strongly marked, nevertheless it certainly is there, and the body has an undoubted appearance of taper.

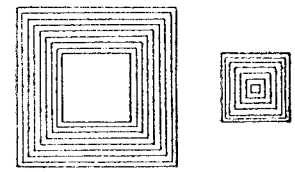


This is in fact a complete illusion, for all the horizontal bars have the same length and the sides of the "body" are strictly rectangular with no trace of barrel curvature.

A closer examination of the convergence-divergence mechanism explains how this illusion is created. Because of the operation of the divergence mechanism the lines *appear* longer than they are. But it is quite clear that the degree of apparent extension depends directly upon the angle of the extension. As the extension moves out, so the length appears to increase. So in like manner, if we refer back to our organism, the bar in the centre of the body appears to be longer than at the extremes. The illusion is created by the angular setting of the legs, and is supported by making the legs thick, to assist in drawing attention to the divergence. Application of a straight edge will convince the reader that the sides of the animalcule are straight.

This example surely sounds a [illegible] note of warning to the biologist; the very character of his material, of living, the biologist is necessarily often obliged to make an estimate rather than an exact measurement. He thus becomes a bigger potential victim of the geometrical optical illusion than does his colleague the physicist. All the more then should he be fully aware of the existence of these optical pitfalls. We shall again see later, in connection with what I call the "star illusion," that optics often sets a trap for the biologist. It is well to re-emphasize that errors in assessment as big as twenty-five per cent are often created by some geometrical illusions; they are not merely insignificant disturbances.

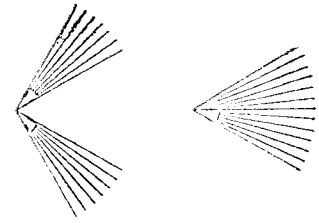
The next two new illusions are closely related. They are both based upon the fact that some distance or space when empty looks to us bigger than when filled.



Here the size of the inner empty square belonging to the diagram on the left-hand side is exactly the same as the outer square of the diagram on the right-hand side. Although the effect is not too strongly marked, there is little doubt that the filled-in square on the right looks decidedly smaller than the empty square on the left.

This particular illusion shows how dangerous it is to compare visual estimates of areas when the surface patterns within the two areas differ markedly in their concentrations of accessory detail. For instance, the biologist can go wrong in comparing, say, spotted and un-spotted areas on an object. The spotted areas will appear smaller than they are relative to the areas free from spots.

A virtually identical type of illusion can make us arrive at quite a false assessment of angle. The empty angle in the drawing on the left below is identical with the filled-in angle in the diagram on the right. Yet there is a very strong illusion here that the empty angle is a good deal larger.



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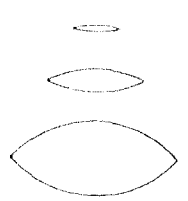
At this point in the discussion it may be well to point out that several of the illusions presented here will be subject to some distortion if the observer suffers from any residual uncorrected optical visual astigmatism. It may be worth while in such a case for the observer to rotate the page round in its own plane until he secures optimum crispness of definition and he will then see illusions involving convergence-divergence at their best.

Up to now we have considered illusions which affect lengths, areas, and angles. Here we come to a curious illusion concerning our estimate of the radius of curvature of a curve. The effects involved are surprisingly strong and have daily repercussions for those who handle lenses and curved mirrors. Below are drawn three circular arcs. The appearance is that the smaller the arc the longer is the apparent estimated radius of curvature. Undoubtedly the small arc appears to have a long radius of curvature, whilst the big arc has (it seems absolutely certain) a much smaller radius of curvature.

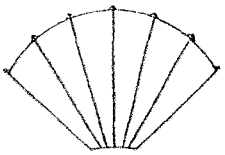
Actually, all three arcs *are parts of the same circle.*

This is a distressing illusion in a physics laboratory and often leads to quite ridiculous estimates of the radii of curvature of concave or convex mirrors. Especially if the mirror is small (i.e. if the arc of the circle is small), we go very wrong. Invariably the error is in the direction of progressively giving a longer and longer radius the smaller the arc selected.

An identical error manifests itself with lenses. Regard for example the three lenses below. It is practically impossible to credit the fact that in all three lenses the two curved faces have the same common radius of curvature, yet this is the case, for all were drawn with the same disk used as a stencil.



Again, as so often, we also come back with a warning to the biologist who may well be required to assess curvatures of incompleted arcs. Look at the sea-shell below; whether we believe it or not, the curved arcs at the wide and narrow ends both have the same radius of curvature, and this certainly would never be estimated as such by an unwary observer not fully awake to the devastating effects of short arcs.



For a hundred years books on optics have drawn attention to an illusion attributed to what is called irradiation. For example, take two squares, one black and one white, identical in dimensions. Center within these squares two smaller squares of equal dimensions, making the square within the white square black and the square within the black square white. Under bright illumination, the small white square inside the large black square will look larger than the small black square inside the large white square. The light from the bright regions irradiate, or spill over onto, the dark.

The physiological mechanism appears to be obscure. Maybe the spill-over actually takes place optically within the eye lens or on the eye retina. It may well be due merely to scatter and, if so, this would fit the fact that the illusion requires a lot of light for full effect.

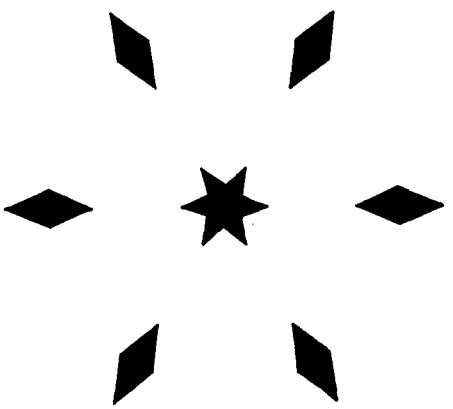
I have applied this illusion principle to the development of a series of quite exciting illusions, which although composite in cause owe much to irradiation. What I call the "star illusion" indeed is the veritable star performer amongst my illustrations.

The "star illusion" has completely foxed both critical draughtsman and critical scientist, and has numerous scientific repercussions, of which more in a moment. In this diagram the feature which everyone finds it impossible to accept at sight is the simple fact that the length of any one of the dark lozenges is exactly equal to the distance between the lozenge and the nearest tip of the central star. Even the production of a ruler and confirmation by measurement has usually resulted in considerable reluctance to believe the inevitable.

In this design the three factors of irradiation, convergence, and divergence are all acting together in strong support. I have gone to some lengths to find the best lozenge shape. It seems that the narrow tips especially are easily lost by the irradiation, and this helps a great deal in the apparent shortening of the lozenges.

NOW I do emphatically draw attention to the fact that the kind of pattern shown in the "star illusion" below is very frequently met with both in physical and biological studies. Many such spot patterns turn up in that branch of optics called diffraction of light. More to the point, such a diagram closely resembles the spot patterns frequently met with by workers employing X-rays for crystal and metallurgical analysis. This star illusion is a warning against the dangers of making visual estimates in such cases and indicates the necessity of always making measurements. It will be agreed, too, that such a star pattern and variants of it are not infrequently met in biological studies, and here again the illusion warns us of the danger of only estimating, and not measuring.

—S. TOLANSKY,
in *Penguin Science Survey* A 1963.
(Penguin Books, $1.65)



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LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR

ORBITING LESSON

THERE ARE, I think, a couple of misconceptions about the force of gravity in your science department [*SR*, July 6].

On page 35, John Lear writes of "gravitational force generated by the whirling of the new-formed globe." Actually, whirling generates no gravitation—though I'm not sure what does, if gravitation is "generated" at all. The same mass, not whirling, would have the same gravitational field.

On page 45, J. L. writes that it seems evident "from the rapid shrinkage of the orbit traveled by the first of the two Soviet cosmonauts, that considerable weight had been added to the leadoff ship." Actually, a rapid shrinkage of an orbit, other quantities being equal, would indicate less weight instead of more—because the weight, or mass, carries the energy of momentum that is required to overcome air resistance. The more weight, the more energy. The rapid shrinkage might be caused by some sort of external appendage that increases air resistance, but not by weight in itself.

JACK WILLIAMSON

Portales, N. Mex.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Reader Williamson is correct in saying that whirling does not generate gravitational force. What SR's science editor meant to suggest was that whirling would contribute to the accumulation of mass, which would intensify gravitational pull.*

In calculating the shrinkage of earth satellite orbits, Mr. Williamson does not go far enough. The drag exerted on a free moving object is determined by the proportion between the exposed area of the object and the mass of the object. Given satellites of equal size and unequal weights, the heavier satellite would maintain altitude the longer—if all other factors were equal. But the density of the air through which the satellite is orbiting must also be taken into account. The fact that Russian Colonel Bykovsky's orbit shrank so rapidly is a clear indication that the perigee of the orbit (most probably the point at which the satellite entered the orbit, if we are to judge from earlier USSR experience) was unusually low. This could have been caused by (1) inadequate booster rocket capability due to greater weight lofted, or (2) malfunction of the booster rocket. In absence of any corroborated evidence of malfunction, we choose to assume that the booster rocket was carrying a heavier load than previously and consequently didn't reach the initial height the Soviets aimed for. Because the air was denser at the height actually attained, the satellite was dragged toward the earth more quickly than it would have been by higher and lighter air.

Another SR reader, Thomas Conrad of Wayne, Pa., has questioned whether—if Coloney Bykovsky had been ordered to continued his flight in spite of the shrinking orbit — "spontaneous re-entry with limited controls, with air at a temperature of 10,000 degrees just outside, and with no prepared recovery area available, might require a certain amount of technical [illegible] in the pilot ?" The answer is that [illegible] uation of Bykovsky's flight could only have suffered from interference by Bykovsky. Whatever would have been done in that event would have had to be controlled from the ground, where full information on the orbit and possible landing areas was available.

ORIGIN OF OIL

THE ORIGINATORS AND SUPPORTERS of theories of inorganic origin of petroleum that were cited by P. N. Kropotkin [The Research Frontier—*SR* July 6] deserve comment. D. I. Mendeleev, a chemist, based his inorganic theory (1876) on laboratory experiments in which hydrocarbons were formed by chemical reaction of water and iron carbides. His hypothesis was more extensively presented in 1897, and he is considered (by Vassoevich and others) the founder of the abiogenic theory of petroleum origin. V. D. Sokolov, in 1889, 1913, and more recently, suggested the cosmic origin of petroleum and also considered the role of radioactivity in petroleum genesis. . . . In the United States a 1948 paper by the geophysicist C. E. Van Ostrand (cited by Kropokin) is an excellent example of the absurd application of selected evidence and complete failure to review the mass of geological and [illegible] chemical data bearing on the su[illegible] Van Ostrand revived the theory of co[illegible] origin of oil and gas based on the observation that planets (Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune) and other cosmic bodies contain methane and ammonia.

In none of these theories has there been any explanation of how methane, the simplest hydrocarbon molecule, can be transformed by inorganic processes into the thousands of kinds of extremely complex molecules found in petroleum! In addition to carbon and hydrogen, many of the molecules contain sulfur, nitrogen, oxygen, and metal complexes.

The inclusion of F. M. Van Tuyl (Professor Emeritus, Colorado School of Mines) and B. H. Parker (past president of the American Association of Petroleum Geologists) as supporters of the inorganic hypothesis is fantastic and is based on their observation that the methane of planets and some volcanoes may be inorganic. The early atmosphere of the earth probably contained methane, and more inorganic methane *may* have been added by recent volcanic eruptions. Most geologists would not argue against this. But both Van Tuyl and Parker are strong supporters of the organic origin of petroleum deposits.

Kropotkin contends that the presence of petroleum (oil and gas) is not determined by the presence or absence of sed[illegible] tary rocks rich in biogenic substance[illegible] of the earth's petroleum-producing pro[illegible] inces contain petroleum source beds that were originally deposited as carbonaceous muds or calcareous muds containing variable quantities of organic matter. It is true that coals and many shales are not

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petroleum source beds. Coals are nonmarine in origin and most of the world's petroleum is associated with marine deposits or lake sediments. Petroleum is found, however, in rocks both below and above coal-bearing beds.

Kropotkin lists examples of petroleum fields related to deep faults that cut into crystalline basement, his supposed oil source, below the sedimentary cover rocks. Many of the largest petroleum deposits are not related to large faults or flexures and are found in almost flat-lying rocks. The world-wide evidence, in fact, indicates that faults generally act as barriers to the movement of petroleum rather than as conduits! Geological and chemical evidence indicates that petroleum enters the porous reservoir rock from source beds that are commonly above the porous rock, or in a lateral position, and occasionally the source beds are below the reservoir rock. The evidence also indicates that petroleum movement from the source beds usually takes place during campaction of the sediments; no fracturing or folding is necessary for this process. Later folding, faulting, and tilting certainly plays a role in the *final* concentration of petroleum.

Kropotkin's quotation from I. O. Brod to the effect that no primary deposits originate *in situ* is used in a distorted sense. As was pointed out above, oil originates in source beds and then generally moves to a porous sandstone or carbonate reservoir rock—the oil is not found in its original or primary position. But it may not have moved far and it may have moved in a chemical form somewhat different from that of the final deposit. The fact that it is not *in situ* (Brod) cannot be used as evidence that it comes from basement rocks.

Commercial reserves of oil in indigenous and metamorphic rocks are *always* found in areas where the presence of the oil may be readily explained by movement from near-by sedimentary rocks (either above or below). Furthermore, the number of such fields is so small that they constitute a minor exception to the general rule that petroleum is found in sedimentary rocks. The bog or swamp methane that is recovered from fractured basement rocks in some areas should not be used as evidence for anything but the work of anaerobic bacteria on organic matter. Association of hydrocarbons with volcanic rocks, active volcanoes, or hot springs, is always in areas where sediments or sedimentary rocks are the logical source (isolated methane emanations *may* be exceptions to this). In fact, if basement rocks were the true source of petroleum, the great shield areas of the world (Canadian, Siberian, Brazilian, etc.), with basement rocks at the surface, should be the oil-producing provinces. The shields do not contain a single commercial deposit.

The high pressures in deep horizons, which Kropotkin mentions, are indeed high. Most petroleum (oil and gas) is in rocks that have a normal, or nearly normal, pressure for the depth of burial. Hydrostatic pressures increase at a rate of about 0.45 pound per square inch per foot of depth. At 10,000 feet a normal pressure would be about 4,500 pounds per square inch. Much higher pressure gradients are known in some areas. High pressure gas, therefore, does *not* indicate that the gas had to come from the abyssal depths of the basement. Free hydrogen, nitrogen, and helium may also be formed at shallow depths and do not prove an abyssal source.

Most organisms contain in their cells hydrocarbons that have been formed by biological processes. Carbon-14 dates show that hydrocarbons have formed in recent sediments within the past 5,000 to 10,000 years. Kidwell and Hunt have established that movement from source rock to reservoir rock has taken place in sediments less than 5,000 years old. The accumulating data indicate that the formation of petroleum is a natural and continuing process. Some of the dated hydrocarbons are in sediments that overly as much as 30,000 feet of sedimentary rocks. The physics of fluid flow through porous media indicates that vertical movements of petroleum hydrocarbons of this magnitude are impossible.

Isotopic ratios and other chemical characteristics have established beyond doubt the relationship between organic matter and petroleum. Is it conceivable, for instance, that the complex prophyrin pigments of chlorophyll (or hemoglobin) found in petroleum could have been formed by inorganic processes? Incidentally, these and other nitrogenous compounds, as well as the property of optical rotation, common to petroleum, are destroyed by high temperatures.

There are many problems that are still the object of intensive research, but the broad outlines of organic origin of petroleum are *known*. Nothing is to be gained by obscuring the real problems with ill-founded and extraneous "theories" such as that of Kropotkin.

JOHN D. HAUN
Professor of Geology
Colorado School of Mines.
Golden, Colo.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *As SR's science editor noted in his introduction to the Research Frontier for July 6, P. N. Kropotkin's theory was chosen by qualified scientists of the International Union of Biochemistry for inclusion in the proceedings of a symposium on the origin of life.*

"Dr. Hilmerson!—Dr. Hilmerson!—GX43!—It works! . . ."

SECRET OF VENUS

UPON RETURNING from a trip abroad, your interesting article on the Voyage of Mariner II to Planet Venus, [SR, Jan. 5] was called to my attention.

We also note on page 90 the list of those who have contributed to the venture. Inasmuch as we had the privilege of contributing in a modest but rather special way, we were somewhat disappointed not to find our name included.

Dr. Myron A. Coler
President
Markite Corp.
New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The list published by SR came from Jet Propulsion Laboratory, which was responsible to the National Aeronautics and Space Administration for*

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Mariner II's voyage to planet Venus. When asked about the omission of Markite Corporation from the list, press agents for JPL said Markite was only one of 1,000 small companies whose names were omitted. Believing that enterprise deserves recognition regardless of size or wealth or power, SR requested a complete list of the missing companies for publication. JPL refused to supply the names on the grounds that "many man hours of labor" would be required to obtain them.

OFF-MADISON

AMONG THE SEVERAL excellent discussions following your article, "Morality in Science: Report on a Crisis," there appeared a letter with a peripheral theme in which the BSCS is criticized as follows: "As you may know, the BSCS is throwing their whole weight into the promotion of the text programs developed with AIBS money. Though I could be wrong, it appears that tax money is being used to promote the commercial versions of the three biology courses developed by the BSCS. The pressure being put on school administrators and teachers to adopt one of these programs is tremendous."

It is the responsibility of a group like ours, being supported largely by public monies, to provide the public with adequate information about our activities. During the development of a rapidly expanding new program it is, of course, difficult to draw a sharp line between proper provision of adequate information and improper aggressive promotion. The BSCS staff, being fully cognizant of this distinction, has been extremely conservative and has consciously avoided the Madison Avenue promotion of BSCS materials. I categorically deny that the BSCS has put tremendous pressure on school administrators and teachers to purchase commercial editions of our books.

The letter to which I am replying was signed by Malcolm S. Hayden and the signature was accompanied by no identification other than Columbus, Ohio. A Malcolm S. Hayden is managing editor of the high school department of the Charles Merrill Book Company of Columbus, Ohio. Merrill was an unsuccessful bidder for a contract to publish one of the BSCS high school books.

ARNOLD B. GROBMAN
Director
Biological Sciences Curriculum Study
Boulder, Colorado.

THERE ARE MANY things going on in biology and at AIBS where "handsome per diems" are not paid. For example, a committee of the Conference of Biological Editors working on the *Style Manual for Biological Journals* has operated through AIBS for nearly six years. Only travel expenses *are paid committee members.*

J. R. PORTER
University of Iowa
Iowa City, Ia.

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

SR'S SCIENCE EDITOR REGRETS the misspelling, in our issue of July 6, of the name of A. D. Misener, director of the Ontario Research Foundation.

Presidential Decision-Making

Continued from page 12

experienced only in failure, or his experience, in Coleridge's words, may be "like the stern lights of a ship which illumine only the track it has passed." The most articulate, authoritative man may only be making bad advice sound good, while driving into silence less aggressive or more cautious advisers. All this a President must weigh in hearing his advisers. He need not weigh them equally. For toward some, he will have more respect. With some, he will communicate more easily. For some, he will have more affection.

Finally, a President's evaluation of any individual's advice is dependent in part on the human characteristics of both men. Personalities play an intangible but surprisingly important role. Particular traits, social ties, recreational interests or occupational backgrounds may strengthen or weaken the bonds between them. Some Presidents pay more attention to generals, some to businessmen, some to politicians, some even to intellectuals who have "never met a payroll and never carried a precinct."

In truth, a political background, not necessarily at the precinct level, is helpful. It gives the adviser a more realistic understanding of the President's needs. Those without such experience will tend to assume that the few Congressmen in touch with their agency speak for all the Congress, that one or two contacts at a Washington cocktail party are an index of public opinion, and that what looms large in the newspaper headlines necessarily looms large in the public mind.

Those with a political base of their own are also more secure in case of attack; but those with political ambitions of their own—as previous Presidents discovered—may place their own reputation and record ahead of their President's.

Other advisers may also be making a record, not for some future campaign, but for some future publication. "History will record that I am right," he mutters to himself, if not to his colleagues, because he intends to write that history in his memoirs. The inaccuracy of most Washington diaries and autobiographies is surpassed only by the immodesty of their authors.

Advisers, however respected, are still advisers. The Constitutional Convention, after long debate as to whether the President should, in effect, be required to accept the views of his Executive Council, entrusted the final power of decision to the one man with the most comprehensive perspective—the President. That unique perspective is the third fundamental force influencing Presidential decisions.

The choice of which advice to accept is not one to be exercised lightly. In choosing between conflicting advice, the President is also choosing between conflicting advisers, conferring recognition on some while rebuffing others. He will, consequently, take care to pay more attention to the advice of the man who must carry out the decision than the advice of a mere "kibitzer." He will be slow to overrule a Cabinet officer whose pride or prestige has been committed, not only to ease that officer's personal feelings but to maintain his utility and credibility.

He will also go far to accept the advice of a man whose public image is helpful to his policy; and in this sense, decisions are partially made whenever the President selects an appointee with a known position and reputation. Indeed, all appointees have both prerogatives and responsibilities which a President must recognize in the interest of good relations.

Whenever any President overrules a Secretary, he runs the risk of that Secretary grumbling, privately, if not publicly, to the Congress or to the press (or to his diary), or dragging his feet on implementation, or, at the very worst, resigning with a blast at the President. It is rare, of course, for any appointee leaving office to have more public appeal than a President in office. The whirlpools he expects to stir up with his dramatic resignation and published exposés are soon lost in a tide of other events over which the President continues to ride.

Nevertheless, the violent resignation of almost any Secretary of State, Secretary of Defense, or Secretary of the Treasury could cause his chief considerable trouble; and other appointees could cause trouble in their own circles. Neustadt reports that Truman did not want his position on a steel settlement undermined by a public protest or resignation from Secretary of Commerce Sawyer. Rosenman commented that Roosevelt could not afford politically to alienate Cordell Hull to the point of resignation. Wilson was fearful—mistakenly, it turned out—that the blame would be placed on him when Bryan resigned from the Cabinet. And, though no resignations were even potentially involved, the fact that a majority of all the responsible officials in the Cuban crisis "came to accept the course we finally took," President Kennedy has said, "made it much easier."

In short, almost every President is as reluctant to overrule the determined

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opposition of his advisers as he is to veto an act of the Congress. He rules, to a degree, not only with their advice but with their consent.

But this is true only to a degree. Consultation is not slavish adherence, and consent may often be induced. For only one man under our system is President. Only one man bears all the burdens of responsibility. Only one man, with his running mate, is accountable to all the people.

Advisers may delay their advice, change their minds, and offer several alternatives. But their roles and responsibilities are wholly different from his. Their views and visions of where the world is moving are far less grand than his. "No matter how many advisers you have," President Kennedy has said, "the President must finally choose. . . . [He] bears the burden. . . . The advisers may move on to new advice."

Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln, Theodore Roosevelt, Wilson, Franklin D. Roosevelt—all judged to be "strong" Presidents—declined to use the Cabinet as a voting board of directors. "I have gathered you together," Lincoln told his Cabinet regarding the Emancipation Proclamation, "to hear what I have written down. I do not wish your advice about the main matter—that I have determined for myself."

Some may think that statement immodest. But a President cannot afford to be modest. No one else sits where he sits or knows all that he knows. No one else has his power to lead, to inspire, or to restrain the Congress and country. If he fails to lead, no one leads. "The buck," in Truman's words, "stops here."

A President knows that his name will be the label for a whole era. Textbooks yet unwritten and schoolchildren yet unborn will hold him responsible for all that happens. His program, his power, his prestige, his place in history, perhaps his re-election, will all be affected by key decisions. His appointees, however distinguished they may be in their own right, will rise or fall as he rises or falls. Even his White House aides, who see him constantly, cannot fully perceive his personal stakes and isolation. And no amount of tinkering with the Presidential machinery, or establishment of new executive offices, can give anyone else *his* perspective.

Consequently, self-confidence and self-assertion are more important than modesty. The nation selects its President, at least in part, for his philosophy and his judgment and his conscientious conviction of what is right—and he need not hesitate to apply them. He must believe in his own objectives. He must assert his own priorities. And he must strive always to preserve the power and prestige of his office, the availability of his options, and the long-range interests of the nation.

To illustrate: If the good faith and prestige of his office have been engaged in an effort to achieve a steel wage settlement that would make a price increase unnecessary, then such an increase, announced immediately after that settlement is reached, requires a different kind of response than might otherwise have been necessary.

Economists may tell him that devaluation of the dollar would be the quickest and cheapest solution to our balance of payments and gold-flow deficits. But as chief custodian of the national honor—mindful of the effect such a move would have on our international role and prestige, and on the confidence of other nations for decades to come—he prefers to chip away at the deficit by slower, more painful methods.

A member of the Congress or the press can achieve some measure of fame by reporting rumors or stating problems or raising questions. But that is not enough for a President. Refugee reports of offensive Soviet missiles installed on the island of Cuba, for example, recurred for well over a year before such missiles were actually brought in. Each report was methodically checked out by intelligence authorities; and so long as their findings were negative, no President—whatever others were saying—could stake the dignity of his office and the security of the nation on unfounded rumors and exaggeration. And once such a threat was found to exist it was preferable to adopt a course which, as President Kennedy has described it, "had the advantage of permitting other steps if this one was unsuccessful."

A President who asserts the Presidential perspective and disturbs the status quo will always engender criticism. As a result of his involving his office, either directly or through his staff, in many problems at early stages, he is accused, in effect, of Presidential interference with the Executive branch (which is true). As a result of his taking the initiative in a troubled world and on a cluttered agenda, he is accused of adjusting the powers of his office to the needs of his time (which is also true). And, finally, as a result of his staking the prestige of his office on all kinds of matters affecting the public good, he is accused of taking unto himself the right to define as well as defend the national interest (and this also is true).

For Woodrow Wilson summed up the President's role in his lectures at Columbia: "No one else represents the people as a whole. . . . His is the only voice in national affairs . . . representative . . . of the whole people."

Unlike the leaders of autocracy, the President of our democracy must contend with powerful pressures of public opinion, with coequal branches of the government, and with a free and critical press. He cannot allocate resources, or ignore traditions, or override departments in whatever manner he wishes. His allies cannot be treated as satellites, his mistakes cannot be concealed, his critics cannot be silenced.

BUT over the long haul, democratic decision-making, for all its faults and failures, will, I believe, produce superior decisions. True, a totalitarian leader can exercise absolute command over his advisers and absolute control over ideology. But he cannot command good advice and he cannot compel new ideas. Suppression and terror may suffice for the efficient control of machinery, but they cannot improve the decisions of men.

For great and lasting decisions in human affairs can only be made by those exposed to human value judgments. Consistently wise decisions can only be made by those whose wisdom is constantly challenged. The voluntary unity of free men and nations is ultimately more solid than the forced uniformity of repression. In the long run, there can be no wisdom without dissent, no progress without diversity, no greatness without responsibility.

Whatever party or person is in the White House, these basic truths will prevail. For in our political system, as we learned long ago in our religion, "there are diversities of gifts but the same Spirit. And there are differences of administration, but the same Lord."

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1043

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1040 will be found in the next issue.

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Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1042

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—Francis Bacon.

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B. Countersinks; as slang, cheats, shelves.

C. Lusciously.

D. Fatty.

E. Something that revives, replenishes, reminds.

F. Keen appreciation or enjoyment.

G. Gift for skillful display.

H. Lasting fame.

I. Any groove or interstice on the bottom of a sluice to catch and hold a mineral, as gold.

J. Recognize as a fact; declare one's belief in.

K. Farce by the Duke of Buckingham, 1671 (after *The*).

L. Subtitle of this Shakespeare play is *What You Will* (2 wds.).

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181 113 49 36 150 90 135 30 1 21 133

42 80 149 191 72 32

55 153 194 168 161 41 24 53 15 68 114

89 142 183 151 112 37 147 78 197

7 170 58 204 107 27 82 70 62 182 108 137

39 138 158 71 22 202 164 199 127 31

DEFINITIONS

N. Disentangle.

O. Emerson's "pretty good measure of the latitude and opulence of a writer".

P. Short, usually lofted, stroke in golf, from near the green (2 wds.).

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U. Popular garden plant descended from a Central American member of the thistles.

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W. Response of the courteous and obedient child to a maternal order (2 wds.).

X. Most easily bent, most flexible.

Y. Wrapped up in.

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206 160 171 178 81 46 124 140

43 20 120 132 184 10 64 163 101 174 203

79 69 211 102 123 195 6

2 51 57 154 67 61 209 100 165 19 143

97 83 60 73 118 176

139 103 28 188 47 144

106 5 44 29 56 172 11 189 213

179 23 33 74 148 65 141 193 186

17 152 94 66 86 48 35

198 111 87 121 146 205 177 155 166

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International [illegible]ictionary, Second Edi[illegible].

				1 H		2 S	3 O		4 A	5 V	6 R	7 L		8 G	9 A		10 Q
11 V	12 C		13 C	14 B	15 J	16 D	17 X	18 F		19 S	20 Q		21 H	22 M	23 W		24 J
25 C	26 F	27 L		28 U	29 V	30 H	31 M	32 I	33 W		34 D	35 X	36 H	37 K	38 O		39 M
40 E		41 J	42 I	43 Q	44 V	45 N		46 P	47 U	48 X		49 H	50 G	51 S	52 F	53 J	54 E
	55 J	56 V	57 S	58 L	59 O		60 T	61 S	62 L	63 A	64 Q		65 W	66 X	67 S		68 J
69 R	70 L	71 M	72 I	73 T	74 W	75 N	76 G		77 N	78 K	79 R	80 I	81 P	82 L	83 T	84 G	
85 A	86 X	87 Y	88 E	89 K		90 H	91 D		92 A	93 B	94 X	95 N	96 E	97 T		98 D	
99 G	100 S		101 Q	102 R	103 U	104 F	105 C		106 V	107 L		108 L	109 C	110 B		111 Y	112 K
113 H	114 J		115 G	116 A		117 D	118 T	119 A	120 Q	121 Y	122 E	123 R	124 P	125 N		126 G	127 M
128 C	129 F	130 D	131 E	132 Q	133 H		134 G	135 H	136 A	137 L	138 M	139 U		140 P	141 W	142 K	
143 S	144 U	145 N	146 Y	147 K		148 W	149 I		150 H	151 K	152 X	153 J	154 S	155 Y	156 N	157 A	158 M
159 C	160 P		161 J	162 G	163 Q	164 M	165 S	166 Y		167 A	168 J	169 B		170 L	171 P	172 V	173 O
	174 Q		175 G	176 T	177 Y	178 P	179 W		180 A	181 H	182 L	183 K		184 Q	185 E		186 W
187 O	188 U	189 V	190 D	191 I		192 G	193 W		194 J	195 R	196 F	197 K	198 Y	199 M		200 B	201 E
202 M	203 Q	204 L	205 Y	206 P	207 A		208 B	209 S	210 C	211 R	212 E	213 V					

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 7 of this issue.

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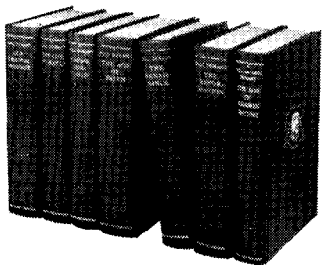

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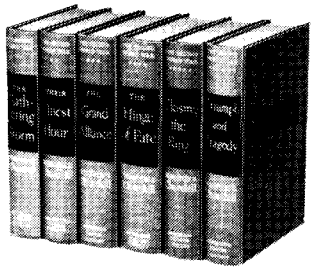
by WILL DURANT
Publisher's retail price: **$76**



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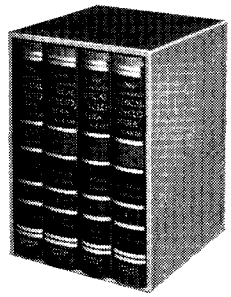

469. THE NEW ILLUSTRATED MEDICAL ENCYCLOPEDIA FOR HOME USE
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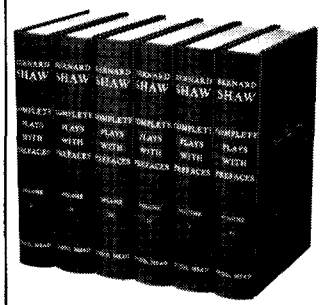

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City.....*Zone*.....

State.....

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